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The Senior Class

Fort Wayne Lutheran Hospital

Fort Wayne, Indiana

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by
Faith Houghtby
Editor-in-Chief
and
Elsbeth Buchholz
Business Manager

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Foreword

If this, the R 1929, can bring to you memories of one of the never-to-be-forgotten years of your nursing school life; and can picture to the people of Fort Wayne the accomplishments of the institution that is the greatest friend they have for health and happiness, it will justify the labor expended in its production, and we trust will be an inseparable friend and treasure invaluable.





ANNA M. HOLTMAN, R.N.

Dedication

To

ANNA M. HOLTMAN, R.N.
Superintendent of Nurses,
this book is respectfully
dedicated.



Division 1

PERSONNEL

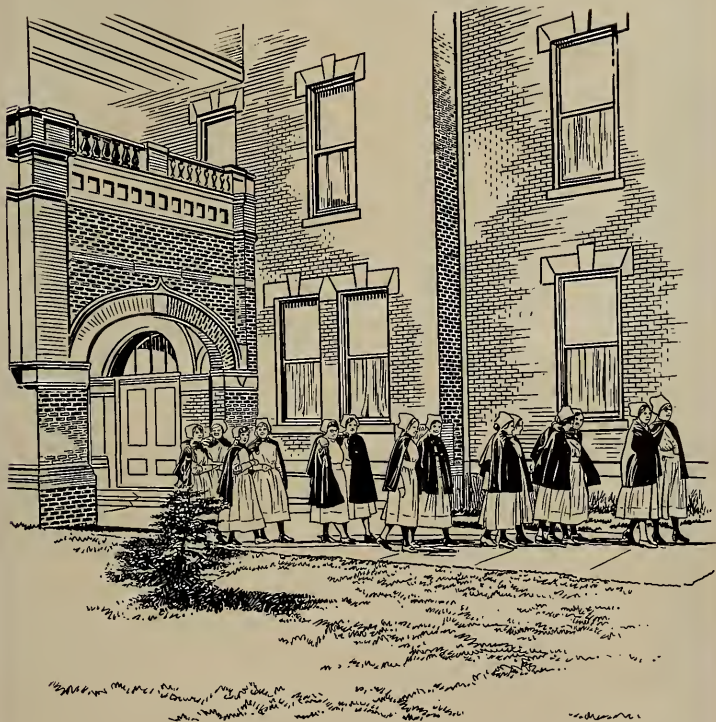
Outside Scenes
Outside Views
Administration
Superiors
Seniors
Juniors
Freshmen

Division 2

STUDENT LIFE

Alumni
Calendar
Features
Organizations
Personalities
Advertisements

PERSONNEL



The Nightingale Pledge

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly;

To pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully.

I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug.

I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matter committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my profession.

With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.



MEMORY TRAILS





REST AND HEALTH AMONG THE BIRCHES



MID-WINTER AT NURSES' HOME





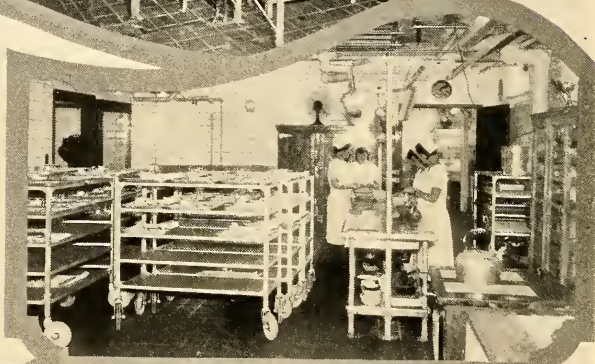
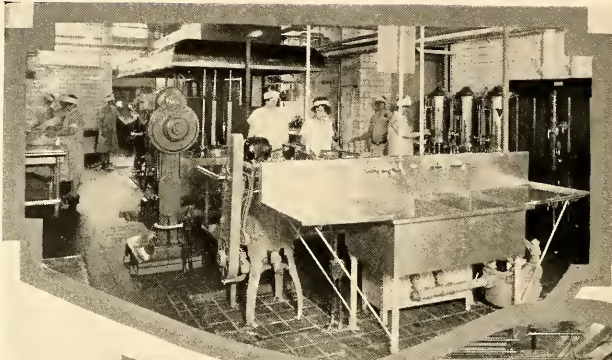
WEST END FIRST—MEDICAL FLOOR





FOR REST AND CONSULTATION





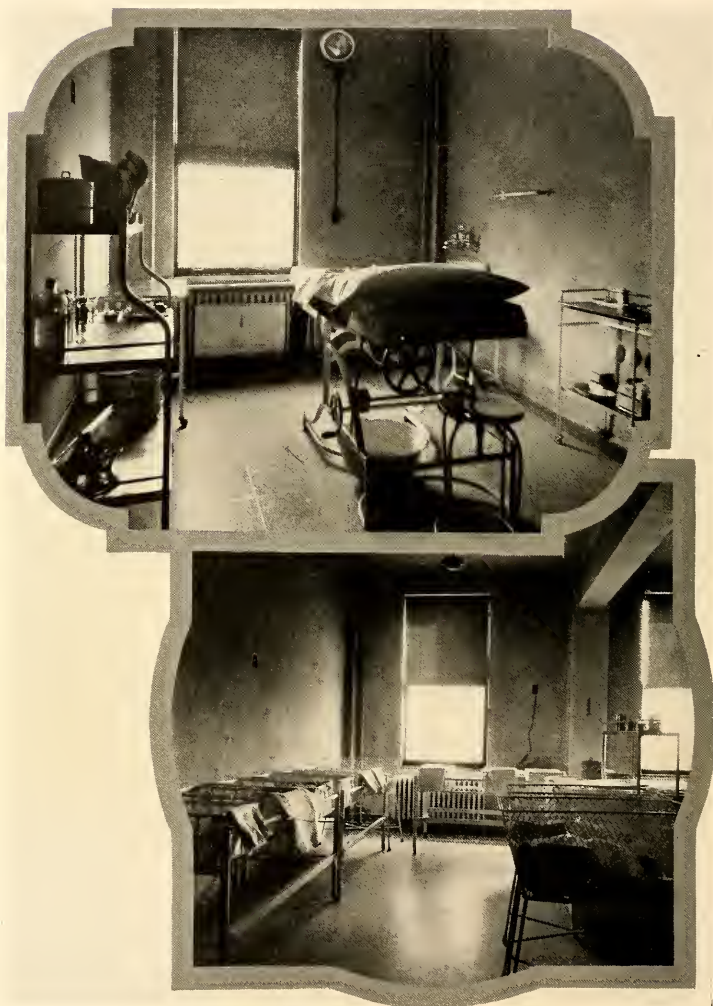
PREPARATION—CONSUMPTION





Top: Major Operations Only Center: X-ray Department Bottom: T. and A. Room





Top: Delivery Room. Bottom: Nursery.



Top: Deaconess Home. Bottom: Duemling Clinic.





Board of Directors

FRONT ROW: E. C. Moeller, Louis F. Limecooly, August Freese, William Moellering, H. F. Moellering, Rev. Philip Wambsganss.

BACK ROW: John Trier, Henry Koehlinger, Rev. P. L. Dannenfeldt, William Pape, William Griebel, C. F. Mesing.

LADIES' AID OF THE LUTHERAN HOSPITAL

Unpretentiously and modestly we find this oldest organization of the Lutheran Hospital Ladies' Aid at our side. They have helpfully assisted us since the beginning of the days of this institution. May we express our gratitude for the kindness received through their helping hands.

Officers of the Lutheran Hospital Ladies' Aid Society: President, Mrs. Chas. G. Pape; vice-president, Mrs. T. C. Kramer; secretary, Mrs. Wm. Hitzeman; financial secretary, Mrs. H. F. Koeneman; treasurer, Mrs. Wm. Hagerman.

Sewing Committee: Mrs. Wm. Wehrs, Mrs. C. Walda, Mrs. M. Hansen.

OFFICERS OF THE HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION

President	Rev. Ph. Wambsganss
Vice-President	Mr. H. F. Moellering
Secretary	Rev. Paul Dannenfeldt
Financial Secretary	Mr. M. F. Scheele
Treasurer	Mr. August Freese

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Mr. John C. Trier	Mr. L. F. Limecooly
Mr. Wm. C. Pape	Mr. Wm. Griebel
Mr. Chas. Mesing	Mr. Louis Schmoe
Mr. W. H. F. Moellering	Mr. Walter Wallhausen
	Mr. H. J. Koehlinger

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Financial Secretary	Mr. M. F. Scheele
Treasurer	Mr. August Freese





DR. H. A. DUEMLING



DR. CHAS. BEALL

CA Memorial

During the years that this class was in training two doctors of our staff were called to the great beyond, Dr. Herman A. Duemling, February 4, 1927, and Dr. Charles G. Beall, February 7, 1928, and it is to these that this page is dedicated.

For many years these two doctors had devoted much time, skill and energy to the welfare of our nurses, both in instruction in the class room, at the bedside and in many health problems, that will ever be worthy of our grateful remembrance.

Both devoted much thought and many loyal efforts in behalf of the Lutheran Hospital in general, being keenly interested in the new building project which neither one lived to see completed.

Both served through their long career of duty, forgetting self but cherishing the great communion of service and influence with skill and fidelity to duty not only over their immediate circle but throughout the state and farther, filling a space in the history of their age.

Both were eminent scientists in the relief of humanity and have brought comfort to thousands who had fallen victims of disease. Both were loyal and public-spirited citizens, interested in the community and its welfare.

A great deal of the joy of life consists in doing perfectly, or at least to the best of one's ability, everything which one attempts to do. There is a sense of satisfaction, a pride in surveying such a work, a work which is rounded, full, exact, complete in all its parts. Today is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we must play our part. What our part may signify we may not understand. That we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us, that we should respect the rights of others as scrupulously as we would have our rights respected, is not mere counsel of perfection of individuals, but it is the law to which we must conform social institutions and national policy if we would secure the blessings of peace.

May God bless our institution, every nurse and every doctor. May this meditation direct our thoughts to that which enshrines in our hearts the memories of those who have gone before.

ANNA M. HOLTMAN, R.N.





Teaching Staff

DR. G. VAN SWERINGEN
Contagious Diseases

DR. W. O. MCBRIDE
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

DR. L. B. SCHNEIDER
Materia Medica

DR. EDWARD H. KRUSE
Dermatology

DR. B. S. CORNELL
Internal Medicine

DR. G. E. MOATS
Materia Medica

DR. N. CAREY
Physiotherapy

DR. J. W. DITTON
Orthopedics

DR. ERIC A. CRULL
Tuberculosis

DR. R. T. HYNES (Interne)
Advanced Anatomy



Teaching Staff

DR. L. W. ELSTON
Surgery

DR. A. L. SCHNEIDER
Obstetrics

DR. JUAN RODRIGUEZ
Neurology

DR. E. CARLO
Pediatrics

DR. J. T. SHORT
G.-U. Diseases

DR. S. G. WELTY
Anatomy

DR. J. W. BOWERS
Gynecology

DR. C. G. MILLER
Chemistry

DR. G. O. TRUELOVE
Bacteriology





Hospital Staff

DR. J. C. COWAN

DR. V. H. HILGEMAN

DR. R. B. McKEEMAN

DR. O. F. LEHMBERG

DR. J. C. WALLACE

DR. W. E. KRUSE

DR. CHAS. R. DANCER

DR. G. A. SMITH

DR. A. L. MIKESELL

Hospital Staff

DR. D. L. ROSSITER

DR. A. DUEMLING

DR. E. D. SMITH

DR. H. V. BLOSSER

DR. JAY F. HAVICE, JR.

DR. S. H. HAVICE, SR.

DR. I. E. MORRIS

DR. E. H. UNDERWOOD

DR. L. P. HARSHMAN



Faculty

ANNA M. HOLTMAN, R.N.

Superintendent of Nurses

Miss Anna Holtman has freely given her time and ability toward the welfare and betterment of the Lutheran Hospital Training School.

The last ten years, which she has spent here, were active and in numerous ways she provided for our pleasures and welfare. Her unrelenting discipline helped stabilize and systematize our habits during our training, which will aid us in the future. Many a confidence has she received and sealed in her heart, assuring and composing advice having been issued.

May her activities as Superintendent last many more years and be blessed with success.



PAULINE G. BISCHOFF, R.N.

Assistant Superintendent

In our thoughts wandering back to our training school days will always come the welcome picture of Miss Pauline Bischoff. With her superior ability as Assistant Superintendent, we will remember her classes throughout our training.

Her carefully considered supervision and skill in any phase of nursing and emergency were always admired and commented upon. Her candid and concise advice was always dependable.

Our true respect and admiration we offer as appreciation of her influence.



LOTTIE KELLER, R.N.

Night Supervisor

No one regrets the fact that Mrs. Lottie Keller is a loved and respected member of the faculty for the last ten years. Mrs. Keller faithfully and admirably filled the position of Night Supervisor. Her advice and kindly given support has eased many a situation within our three years of training. She will always remain as a loyal friend in our training school memories.



Faculty

LUCY LAUMAN, R.N.

Surgical Supervisor

Miss Lucy Lauman has been the staunch supporter and trusted advocate of the student body in general. Stern when necessary, but ready to jest when time to jest, she has established her position in our hearts.

The surgical training in our practical curriculum given under her supervision are days that were eventful and interesting. Her superior ability as Surgical Supervisor is an accepted fact.



KATHERINE STUEHR, R.N.

Third Floor Supervisor

As the latest additional member of our respected faculty, Miss Katherine Stuehr ranks as Supervisor of the Obstetrical Department of the Lutheran Hospital. Action and decision are her characteristic attributes. Although she has been here only a very short time, she is respected for her ready smile and camaraderie.



RUTH PHILBROOK

Dietitian

With quiet manner and unobtrusive fashion, Miss Ruth Philbrook reigns in the diet kitchen as Dietician of the Lutheran Hospital. She meets the enormous problem of planning and the management of diets for sick and well. Her knowledge of the scientific value of this branch she imparted to us in our classes on this subject.

We admired her patience when we tried our humble accomplishments in the preparation of food, which were not always successful.





REV. E. W. WEBER, *Hospital Chaplain*

The example of the Son of God sheds immortal honor upon all honest labor. Jesus spent the greater part of His life as a village carpenter. But he came "to save that which was lost," and so quitted the carpenter bench to devote Himself to preaching and healing.

Than these two—preaching and healing—there are no callings more honorable, the one ministering directly to the soul and the other to the body. The commonest work well done is honorable. Yet, every kind of work is not of equal honor. There are some callings in which a far more direct and ample contribution to the welfare of our fellows can be made than in others.

The nurse, by virtue of her professional training, is an expert in caring for the bodily needs of her patient. Her careful attention to details, besides providing comfort and ease for a wearied body, hastens under God's blessing the desired cure. The Christian nurse is more than an expert in the care of the body. She knows that in a sense it is true of the patient, "the Lord took him aside from the multitude." These are the golden moments when sickness may prove a blessing above measure, and the Christian nurse, by manifesting the graces of a Christian character, revealing a cheerful, hopeful dependence upon the Lord and pointing to the Redeemer of the world, is able to render a service that may tell for time and eternity, for the healing of soul and body. Many a sick room has been transformed into a doorway to heaven.

Nurses are referred to as "angels of mercy." The Christian nurse may become an "angel" especially in the original sense of the word, which being interpreted is "messenger," a messenger of the comfort and courage, truth and hope that is found in the gospel of Christ. Golden opportunities for real Christian service!



TOP: E. C. MOELLER, *Business Manager*. LOUISE ROLF, *Matron*.
 LOWER: CLARA ANWEILER, *Technician*. C. E. MILLER, *Pharmacist*.

A few months ago MR. E. C. MOELLER accepted the position of business manager of the Fort Wayne Lutheran Hospital. Since he is displaying his commercial ability the more tedious business matters are managed favorably. We wish Mr. Moeller a successful career in our Alma Mater.

Our faithful pioneer worker and friend is MRS. LOUISE ROLF, who has been the respected matron since the very beginning of this hospital's existence. Her best years have been spent in the interest of this institution. Respected and admired she ever showed her deep interest in the welfare and happiness of patients, associates and nurses. May God bless her for her service given willingly and faithfully!

MISS CLARA ANWEILER has been with us the last four years and such active and successful years they have been. As technician she energetically served her profession and her winning personality has won her many friends. She is always ready to assist and never lacks frindly encouraging words.

The pharmacy is under the supervision of MR. CHARLES MILLER. His pharmacal ability is demonstrated by his rapid filling out of prescriptions and his knowledge of drugs. His sense of humor and speed are rare attributes.



A Short History of the Lutheran Hospital

By

REV. PH. WAMBSGANSS, *President*

Desire to serve is a mark of Christianity. Sympathy for the sick is essential to a true follower of Jesus Christ. It was quite natural, then, that the Lutheran Christians, living in and about the city of Fort Wayne, should seek to establish an institution of mercy. As early as 1878 they gave practical expression of their desire to do good in this way when they purchased a number of vacant lots on South Wayne and Packard avenues for the purpose of erecting thereon a hospital. These Lutherans were members of St. Paul's and Emmanuel congregations, the only Lutheran parishes existing in Fort Wayne at that time. When several years later the opportunity presented itself to do hospital work by means of the old Hope hospital, then located at the corner of Washington and Barr streets, these Lutherans sold the property which they had acquired some time previous and used the proceeds toward strengthening the Hope hospital.

In conjunction with a number of citizens of Fort Wayne, they formed the Hope Hospital association, which conducted the hospital referred to, then an institution of approximately forty beds.

In the course of time, the hospital became overcrowded and the question of enlargement pressed for an answer. Having carefully surveyed the situation and taken into account especially the downtown location of the Hope hospital, the Lutherans resolved to build a new hospital in a location better suited, in their opinion, for the purposes which such an institution serves. Having been encouraged by the Allen County Lutheran pastoral conference in a meeting December 15, 1901, at once to proceed with the effort of erecting a new hospital, the Lutheran Hospital association of Fort Wayne and vicinity was formed and on May 11, 1903, a constitution was adopted and officers elected.

The high hope to own and to conduct a hospital was soon fulfilled. On August 10, 1903, the member congregations of the association selected for a hospital, for the price of \$10,000, a plot of ground 235x446 feet, on which stood a large house of 21 rooms, known as the old Ninde homestead of South Fairfield avenue.

On Thanksgiving day, 1904, the necessary renovations and alterations on the Ninde dwelling had been completed and a large congregation was present on that day to dedicate the new building to the service of suffering humanity and to the glory of Almighty God.

Such were the humble beginnings of the Fort Wayne Lutheran Hospital. It would require more space than is allotted to this brief sketch to write about the various stages of the development of this institution from that time to the present day.

In 1906 the first wing extending to the south from the Nindle building was completed and dedicated. Last year another large wing was added to the west, increasing the bed capacity to 200. Every modern equipment such as a laboratory and x-ray department, a children's clinic, and other features which make up a modern hospital have been installed, and the Fort Wayne Lutheran Hospital ranks among the foremost of its kind in Indiana.

The small acorn sown in 1901 has grown to a sturdy oak, a splendid monument to the Lutheranism of Fort Wayne and vicinity.

Soli Deo Gloria.







ELSBETH BUCHHOLZ—"Betty"
Osmond, Nebraska

She wears the badge of love—
Bestowed, we think, by heaven above.

IDA KRAUSE—"Ide"
Bloomfield, Nebraska

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew."

FAITH HOUGHTBY—"Hogey"
Hillsdale, Michigan

A woman's strength is in her tongue.

RUTH SCHLECHTER—"Schlechter"
High Point, North Carolina

Remember, where'er your path may
traverse,
God will reward a sweet, smiling nurse.

CATHERINE H. FLETCHER—"Tiny"
Fort Wayne, Indiana

She can jig—
Her feet hardly touch the ground,
She's a real good sport to have around.



EDITH NEUENSCHWANDER
"Editb"

Bluffton, Indiana

Edith's from Bluffton, a lady fair
With curling brown eyes and laughing
hair.

HATTIE E. SCHAULAND—"Hat"
Papillion, Nebraska

What would I do with size when I can
do so much without it?

MARY HELEN AHR—"Mary Helen"
Decatur, Indiana

Women always fall in love,
Eventually, why not now?

ESTHER STEWART—"Stew"
Portland, Indiana

There's lemonades and orangeades and
chocolate malts galore,
And when the next morning comes,
"Stew" wants some more.

EDITH FOSLER—"Fosler"
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Domestic happiness—oh, what bliss!





MARY MCGOWEN—"Mary"

Etna Green, Indiana

A lady of charm and also of grace,
You'll never see Mary without a smile on
her face.

ESTHER SCHABACKER—"Schaky"

Arapahoe, Nebraska

One of the girls that has come from
afar,
Sure has given the training school a jar.

HAZEL ZITZMAN—"Zitzie"

Roanoke, Indiana

To study is to learn;
To learn, succeed.

MABEL FELL—"Mabel"

Fort Wayne, Indiana

The dimples of her smile
Would make any life worth while.

ANNA PAS—"Ann"

Deshler, Ohio

"Taking fellows as they come
I like them better as they go."



MINERVA KLOCKZIEM—"Aunt Het"

Laingsburg, Michigan

"I'm big and strong, and healthy and
hale,
Don't you think I resemble Miss Night-
ingale?"

ELIZABETH MILLER—"Elie"

Geneva, Indiana

Miller's of the Three Musketeers,
And when she left us we, too, shed tears.

ORA HOFMANN—"Ora"

Van Wert, Ohio

A maiden she is so mild and meek,
She always thinks while others speak.

KATHRYN M. DAULER—"Kate"

Convoy, Ohio

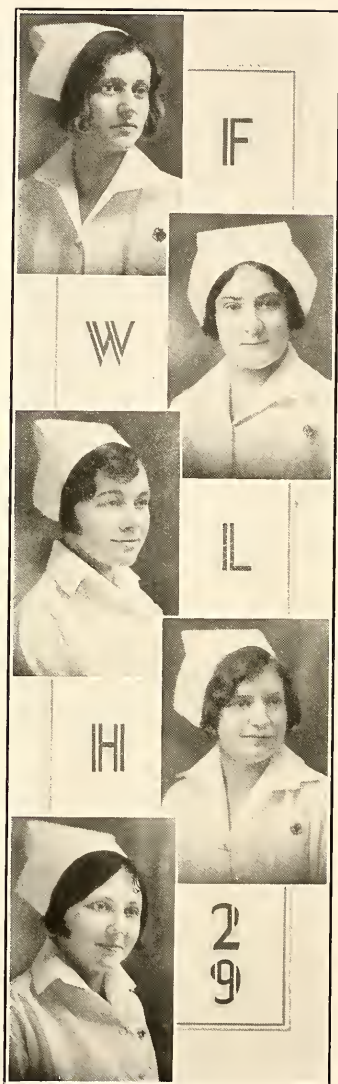
Her brown eyes shine,
We needn't dust them.
They interest us,
But may we trust them?

MARGARET E. SPENCER—"Spence"

Kouts, Indiana

She adores to put on a dignified air,
But mischief peeps out everywhere.





WILMA E. SNOKE—"Ome"

Geneva, Indiana

Folks fall for her,
She's sweet and fair,
With bonnie blue eyes
And beautiful hair.

RENA RUPPENTHAL—"Rena"

Detroit, Michigan

Why so serious, Rena? Say:
Life's not all work, some is play.

MARIE FELBER—"Marie"

Fort Wayne, Indiana

"Great nurses are dying every day
And I don't feel well myself."

PAULINE BARTHEL—"Pud"

Lincoln, Illinois

Give to the world the best you have and
the best will come back to you.

LENORE HOARD—"Zoie"

Columbia City, Indiana

Either deep in despair or mad with glee,
Was there ever a child as emotional as
she?

Class Poem

Stepping out through training school's portal
Now we stand and gaze at life.
Friendships, mem'ries, hours immortal
Sealed our three years spent inside.
Are we ready, Seniors, ready?
Then let's face it with a smile.
Hesitant, a tear falls gently;
It is hard to say good-bye.
Yet the future beckons kindly,
Tremulously we heave a sigh,
Resolutely, Seniors, ready,
Then let's go on with a smile.
Nature's beauties all around us
Roaming through the woods of Time,
Heavy clouds may quickly gather,
Afterwards the sun will shine.
May our walk be pleasant, Seniors,
Let us make our stroll worth while,
When the golden sunset greets us,
When we journey on toward Home,
Twilight hours will soft enfold us
And we call our life's task done,
Then we're ready, Seniors, ready,
Then we'll all meet with a smile.

—E. S. '29.



Class History

President	IDA KRAUSE
Vice-President	MARGARET SPENCER
Secretary	ELSBETH BUCHHOLZ
Treasurer	EDITH FOSLER

CLASS FLOWER: Sunburst Rose

CLASS COLORS: Honeydew and White

CLASS MOTTO: Through Trials to Triumph.

Now, dear friends and classmates, as we are nearing the end of our training days, let us spend just a few moments to recall the happy events of the past.

We must turn back to the bright day of March 15, 1926, when three of us, very eager and enthusiastic, entered to take up our first duties as student nurses of the Fort Wayne Lutheran Training School. We were heartily welcomed by those who were to teach and help us with our new duties, in order that we might continue to advance along the path of knowledge.

On April 5, 1926, we were joined by nine more very promising students. This increased our number to twelve. This entire class remained and endured the hardships of the probation days. And one June 15, 1926, enjoyed the pleasure of donning the cap and cuffs. This was the first mark of distinction, signifying that we had been accepted as student nurses in this training school. What a difference it made! We were now given the responsibility of receiving and carrying out doctor's orders. We were also given work to do, for which our worthy seniors lacked the time, and thought us capable of doing.

The victorious twelve were Wilma Snoke, Margaret Spencer, Anna Pas, Pauline Barthel, Mary McGowen, Mabel Fell, Esther Stewart, Mary Weidner, Manota Thompson, Catherine Fletcher, Iva Swartz, Elizabeth Miller. During the following summer three of these decided that they were not able to continue the tasks of a nurse, so withdrew from our companionship.

On August 25 of the same year we were brightened by the addition of twelve more new members to our class. We now gave up the responsibility of the utility room and linen closet. These were very readily shouldered by the new class and we found that our class not only was increased in number but also in quality. Of this class the eleven that remained are Hattie Schauland, Esther Schabacker, Ida Krause, Faith Houghtby, Lenore Hoard, Elizabeth Von Nostitz, Hazel Zitsman, Marie Felber, Kathryn Dauler, Elsbeth Buchholz, Minerva Klockziem.

On September 25, 1926, eleven more students entered our class. By the end of the probation period eight remained. These were Rena Ruppenthal, Vera Peppers, Mildred Heller, Edith Neuenschwander, Edith Fosler, Ora Hofmann, Grace Nordman and Ruth Schlechter, making the total number in the class twenty-eight.

In October we organized our class and elected the following officers:

President	Pauline Barthel
Vice-President	Margaret Spencer
Secretary	Faith Houghtby
Treasurer	Kathryn Dauler

We selected as our class flower the Sunburst rose.

Class Colors: Honeydew and White.

Class Motto: Through trials to triumph.

By the end of our junior year four of our number had left us on account of illness and other reasons. And one was added during the year, making a total of twenty-five class members.

Now we are anxiously looking forward to the day of our graduation, hoping to keep our companionship so closely linked together that none can break the chain of friendship.

Our life at the hospital has been one of hard labor and little leisure time but we feel that we have been well repaid by the treasures we have gained, and the efforts which the faculty put forth for our educational advancement. While we are now nearly at the end of our training, we are just at the opening of real life with its triumphant commencement.



Our Last Will and Testament

We, the Senior class of 1929 of the Fort Wayne Lutheran Hospital, being of sane minds and judgment and realizing that the end of our training days is near, do hereby make public, and declare this our last will and testament, revoking all other wills heretofore made.

ARTICLE 1

To the Fort Wayne Lutheran Hospital Training School we do hereby bequeath a copy of our annual, to be put in the school library, that it may be used for reference when the occasion so demands.

To the faculty we express our sincere thanks for all the things they have done for us during our three years here.

To the Juniors, we, the Senior class, do give and bequeath the title of Seniors and with it Commencement and State Board.

ARTICLE 2

I, Wilma Snoke, do will all my abilities to love to Selma Flory.

I, Margaret Spencer, give to Elvira Goetsch all my mouse-like ways.

I, Anna Pas, will my favorite expression, "Oh, I didn't know that," to Ruth Wallhausen.

I, Pauline Barthel, give to Pauline Breckbill, my shorn golden locks.

I, Mary McGowen, give to Norma Henkle, all of my dreams.

I, Mabel Fell, give to Vera Witt my snappy eyes.

I, Esther Stewart, give to Janet Jones all my excess pitchers of nourishment.

I, Catherine Fletcher, bequeath my ability to jig and my ability to be in the first row at devotion in the morning to Edna Hilfiker.

I, Elsbeth Buchholz, present to Eda Thielk all of my musical abilities.

I, Hattie Schauland, will my "rank" to Dorothy Strator.

I, Esther Schbacker, give my ability to quizz to Lillian Retzloff.

I, Ida Krause, endow Justine Lesh with my executive ability.

I, Minerva Klockziem, am willing to give to Anna Kinden my bad appendix and my gall bladder.

I, Faith Houghtby, give over "my big moment" to Jeanette Wilson.

I, Lenore Hoard, bequeath to Marie Luecke my new picture.

I, Hazel Zitzman, give all my grades to Marguerite Long.

I, Kathryn Dauler, give my failing for seamen and my sleepiness to Mildred McCune.

I, Marie Felber, am proud to hand over to Edna Demmel all my surgical ability and my punctuality to class.

I, Rena Ruppenthal, am glad to give to Marguerite Gunsett all of my embarrassing moments.

I, Edith Neuenschwander, am sorry to give to Anna Kinden my notorious college career.

I, Edith Fosler, give to Mildred Tons my undivided attention in class and my weekly letter.

I, Ora Hofmann, bequeath to Lillian Retzloff my inquisitive nature.

I, Ruth Schlechter, give to Pauline Breckbill my pleasant and friendly attitude.

I, Mary Helen Ahr, will to Selma Flory my famous ability to bluff.

In testimony whereof we have affixed our seal to this last will and testament at Fort Wayne Lutheran Hospital, on this fifth day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine.

The foregoing instrument was signed by the said Senior class as their last will and testament, in our presence and at their request and in the presence of each other we now subscribe our names as witnesses this fifth day of April, 1929.

EDITH FOSTER, '29

WILMA SNOKE, '29



Farewell Message

(DR. RODDY)

MY FAREWELL TO THE CLASS OF 1929

Were I endowed with the attributes of the ancient Homer; had nature bestowed upon me the inspiration of Dante or had I inherited the lyre of Milton, I would gladly dedicate to you an epic on this occasion. But not possessing any of the gifts of the classical poets, and not having come within view of Mount Parnassus, I will have to content myself with the phrase of the poet who, when watching the waves break on the gray stones, said, "Would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me."

In just a few days from now you, the class of 1929, will be all seated in the rostrum, dressed in immaculate white, tensely waiting for the moment, your faces portraying a mixture of emotions; your hearts accelerated by the event and then, like so many angels of mercy released by the invisible hand of the Almighty, you will scatter to do your bidding. On that night of all nights you will listen attentively to the advises and counsels of the speakers. They will give you the best there is in them; their admonition, based on years of experience, will be of inestimable value to you. There is no need of me boring you with a lot of phrases which probably will be a repetition of what you will hear on Commencement night. I could give you a number of advises, I could tax you with a lot of counsel, but this would accentuate my age and goodness knows that I am old enough now.

A few nights ago during one of our classes and in one of my digressions, I told you, among other things, that the patient, irrespective of everything else, comes first. I want to again emphasize this point. By keeping it in mind, I think you will render the best of service to humanity; you will be looked upon like true angels of mercy; you will keep the profession on a high level, and your efforts will not have been in vain. Remember: Your patient, first and last.

With this, I bid you farewell.

JUAN RODRIGUEZ,
Spring of 1929.

JUNIOR



Class Roll

FIRST ROW: Vera Witt, Grace Nordman, Edna Hilfiker.

SECOND ROW: Janet Jones, Ruth Wallhausen.

THIRD ROW: Margaret Henschen, Mildred Tons.

FOURTH ROW: Jeanette Wilson, Eda Thielk.

FIFTH ROW: Pauline Breckbill, Justine Lesh.

SIXTH ROW: Mildred McCune, Anna Kinder.

SEVENTH ROW: Edna Demmel, Esther Minig, Elvira Goetsch, Marguerite Gunsett, Selma Flory.

EIGHTH ROW: Lillian Retzlaff, Dorothy Stratter, Marguerite Long, Marie Luecke, Norma Henkle.



The Juniors

Thirty probies came in to learn the beautiful art of nursing.
Some were laughing, some were quiet and other just conversing.
"I know I'll like it before I begin," one little probie said,
"So will I, I'll do as I'm told," said another with a toss of her head.

Soon we saw Freshmen, Juniors and Seniors, looking so dignified.
The probies stood back looking aghast and were just simply tongue-tied,
"Did you see that nurse they call Miss Pas? Her eyes are brown and snappy,
I want to be like her, gentle and kind, because she looks so happy."

The next day in ethics class we were told to act just so.
"You can't do this, you must not do that or home you will go.
The key to success in all our nursing is love for the work,
So you must be willing, you must be obedient, your duty you cannot shirk."

The upperclassmen were helpful and kind and watched the probies, too.
They told us how to be real good and told us what to do.
The probies tried to do their best and not disgrace their school,
Their thoughts, words and actions were governed by the Golden Rule.

Then one day Miss Holtman just thrilled the probies so,
She accepted us and gave us caps which we were proud to show.
Training School life is happy and pleasant, none are ever sad,
Our class affairs and parties are the best times we've ever had.

But now we are Juniors, our ideals we'll soon attain
And we will try like others our standards to maintain,
We have one hope and ambition—we hope that some day we may
Be nurses like our Seniors in every possible way.

LILLIAN RETZLOFF.



Junior Class History

President	Justine Lesh
Vice-President	Selma Flory
Secretary	Norma Henkel
Treasurer	Pauline Brechbill

March, August, and September of the year 1927 mark the admission of the forty members of the Junior class. Forty girls timidly entering a new environment, awaiting the unknown and untrodden events of three future years.

Two years have elapsed. Our number has dwindled to twenty-three nurses, who are just a little more educated, a little more dignified in their profession and a little more at ease concerning their future life as a nurse.

Our Freshman year was a year of adjustment. Our officers were elected and our class generally organized. We selected the motto, "Not for ourselves, but for others." Our colors are salmon pink and canary yellow. Our flower is the claudia perenet (yellow) rose.

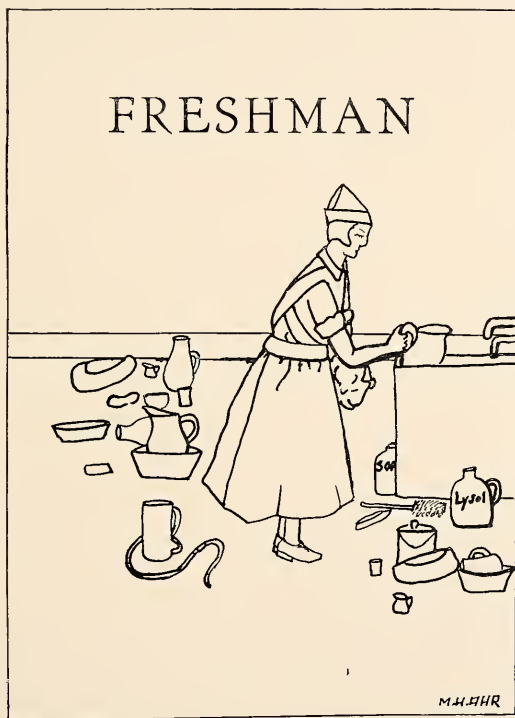
We took up the activities of the training school endeavoring to do our best. Our first party was the spring party given for the school in 1928. Next came the Christmas party, the Junior-Senior reception in 1929. The remaining Hallowe'en party still lies in the future.

Each nurse has experienced the same duties, the same hospital routine, although each individual has had some depression; something just a little different from the training of every other nurse.

The period of adjustment over, the mid-period just drawing to a close, we are looking into the future, starting on the homeward stretch and hoping that we may glean from this harvest of knowledge, our training school, the power to do our best as student nurses, to carry us safely through final examination to a fuller, finer life. A life of service, "not for ourselves but for others."

THE JUNIORS.

FRESHMAN





Class Roll

FIRST ROW: Agnes Mettler, Ada Gerber, Marcile Spayd, Lydia Meyer, Pauline Armstrong, Helen Kinney, Erma Nofziger.

SECOND ROW: Florence Waterfall, Beulah Flora, Ruth Miller, Josephine Groll, Martha Nolf, Ina Plank, Renata Meyer.

THIRD ROW: Irma Vollmer, Barbara Welty, Ruth Stucky.

FOURTH ROW: Mary Tyner, Lucille Bechtol, Edna Wise, Ida Henry, Margaret Hite, Juanita Baumgartner.

FIFTH ROW: Lucille Emery, Helen Vizard, Esther Beery, Grace Pierce, Georgia Leamen, Olinda Meitz.

SIXTH ROW: Pauline Niblick, Alma Moeller, Clara Rodenbeck.

SEVENTH ROW: Alice Willert, Nina Jordon, Pauline Peting.

EIGHTH ROW: Rhue Burke, Violet Brickley, Esther Muntzinger.



Freshman Poem

I'm not the nurse to say that failure's sweet,
Nor tell a probie to laugh when things go wrong,
I know it hurts to have to take defeat
And no one likes to lose before a throng;
It isn't very pleasant not to win
When you have done the very best you could;
But if you're down, get up and buckle in
A licking often does a probie good.

Success is not the teacher wise and true,
That grief old failure is, remember that;
She's much too apt to make a fool of you,
Which isn't true of blows that lay you flat.
Hard knocks are painful things and hard to bear,
And most of us would dodge them if we could;
There's something mighty broadening in the care
Of a nurse, which often does her good.

MARY TYNER, '31.



Freshmen Class History

President	Josephine Groll
Vice-President	Pauline Peting
Secretary	Ruth Miller
Treasurer	Clara Rodenbeck

CLASS MOTTO: "Service Above Self."

CLASS FLOWER: Sweet Pea.

CLASS COLORS: Green and White.

A group of ambitious young women, fourteen in number, who had chosen the noble profession of nursing as their goal, directed their footsteps toward the training school of the Fort Wayne Lutheran Hospital on the 12th day of March, 1928, and formed the first section of which later was to comprise the class of 1931.

Our probation period of three months passed by only too quickly but not without our reward. After having passed our examinations we were very proud to finally wear our caps and cuffs. Four probationers gave up the trial to try their skill in something more to their liking, while two entered in the meantime.

The fall section of girls entered August 13th, 1928, and numbered twenty-one. Another class of nineteen entered October 1st.

On October 10th our first class was scheduled and soon we were all busy studying about microbes and little bugs which we almost learned to love as members of our own family. Chemistry was made very interesting. Demonstrations in massage enabled us to ease and make many a patient more comfortable. To end the week right, every Friday evening we not only had an hour in anatomy, but saw and described bones in our dreams.

First aid and bandaging classes created in some of us the desire to become some day a public health nurse. Any one wishing to take an advanced course in dietetics received all the fundamentals and principles necessary for it.

By Christmas time we all felt as though we were quite far advanced and so to start the new year right we fully organized our class with forty members present. We firmly resolved each and everyone of us would make our class the best and biggest that ever graduated from the F. W. L. H. Training School. Now with this in view we are all ready to enter our Junior year as it is drawing near, always living up to our motto, "Service above self."

STUDENT LIFE



NOW OUR WORK IS FINISHED AS STUDENT NURSES

Is it possible that the three years of our training are numbered with the past? Three years ago it seemed a long path ahead, and we look backward with a sigh, reluctant to leave those happy and eventful years behind and to part from our instructors, classmates and under-classmates. These last moments together, oh how we long to prolong them! Many of us must part, never to see each other here again. Happy we are, however, to have had the privilege of enjoying each other's companionship.

When we leaf through this little booklet in the future we will recall the many pleasant hours of our classes, and associations on the floor, and our happy social life. To our faithful instructors and those who have graduated before, we say a kind "Thank you," for your aid over the rough and stormy places during our training, for a helping hand and some encouragement meant much to us. It was then where "Through trials" we saw the silver lining which carried us on "to triumph."

Commencement! What a glorious, still sad sounding term. It means the commencement of our chosen profession but also embraces the termination of our student life. The close association of fellow students will cease and we will take our places in the ranks of life. We hope that every one of us will be ready to answer the call and fill our places.





The place where we made our intimate acquaintance with our work and the place to which we returned most frequently was our memorable classroom. There our beloved and esteemed instructors patiently taught us the theory and practice of a nurses' vocation. There our problems were often solved and we received new encouragement in our work.

Much do we owe to those who have so faithfully given us their time and interest. If we have not shown it at all times, then may we express our appreciation now.

Our presence is henceforth removed from the four walls of the classroom but the influence of this room has had its desired affect.



Probies



FRONT ROW: Edith Cornelius, Anne Wagner, Valeria Bodenber, Gretchen Stahmer, Mary Lou Winebrenner, Mildred Lake.

BACK ROW: Sara Engleman, Laura Walther, Beulah Barkley, Mary Lois Bryan, Dorcas Brown, Mirian Lend, Rowena Dickman, Saphronie Hanna, Gladys Gordon, Opal Gilbert, Velma Workman, Helen Graham.

I shall always remember my probation days. Many griefs, many pleasures, and many disappointments crossed my path. But the pleasures and joys outnumbered the griefs and disappointments. I really appreciated the good side of this life by having a taste of the bitter.

It was mighty hard to leave home, although I was anxious to come. There isn't anyone who does not have a pang of sorrow in their hearts when they leave their home for something new which they know nothing of.

When I arrived at the hospital I was led to my room and introduced to some of the girls with whom I was to share this new life.

The first night was more excitement for me than sleep. I arose early and put on my uniform, first viewing myself from one angle and then another and feeling all the time as if I were lost in someone's clothes who was about three times larger than myself. Finally, being as well satisfied with myself as could be expected on the first morning, I hurried to morning devotions, being almost ten minutes early. It just seemed as though every eye was watching me and I'm sure my face must have appeared like a terrible sunburn.

Several nights later I woke with a start, feeling something cold and clammy on my face and seeing two big white things by my bed. But it seems as if everyone has her nightmares and I'm no exception.

The first day on duty I was exceedingly bewildered. I can't begin to express what a funny feeling I had when I had to answer a bell.

Another difficulty was trying to apprehend the language of big words which the older nurses and the doctors used and which was far beyond my understanding.

If only all our blunders and mistakes which occurred in our probation days could be corrected or done over. And yet we learn most through experience.



The Lutheran Alumnae Association

The Alumnae Association of the Fort Wayne Lutheran Hospital School was organized November 10, 1910, registering as charter members the first three graduating classes, 1907, 1908 and 1909, comprising twenty-five in number.

The ardor with which the charter members entered into the advancement of this association was supported by the gradual addition of new members. Ever eager for advancement and "improvement in professional work and for promotion of good fellowship among its graduates" the association in 1913 became affiliated with the Indiana State Nurses' Association and two years later affiliated with the American Nurses' Association.

Nine years after its organization, Indiana being divided into districts, made our association a member of the First District Nurses' Association and automatically through the State Nurses' Association membership into the American Nurses' Association.

Our Alumnae then, has been in existence more than nineteen years. In those years the membership has increased to members divided into four classes, active resident, non-resident, associate and honorary membership.

The meetings are held on the first Wednesday evening of every month at 7:30 excepting the month of August.

Election of officers is held every two years. Those in office at present are: Pauline Bischoff, president; Irene Bruns, secretary; Anna Vonderau, treasurer.

Any nurse wishing to become a member and desiring to contribute toward the "work for promotion of the professional and educational advancement of nursing" should make application on blank that is provided by the association to the secretary with dues for the first year.

Your class has now completed its training days. Needless to say you are leaving behind that certain shield of protection which has been with you through your three years of training and now you should be ready to give to humanity the very best of your professional training and prove your enthusiasm by giving your most loyal support to our Lutheran Hospital Alumnae Association.

CLARA TROEGER, R.N., '25.



CLASS 1907

Augusta Fischer, 1416 Arthur avenue, Lakewood, Ohio.
 Amelia Hilgendorf, 316 Lemon street, Monrova, Calif.
 Meta Holman, 826 Colerick street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Ida Neuman, 628 Oakdale Drive, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Anna Lauman, Philipsburg Hospital, Philipsburg, Pa.
 Emma Gerke (Mrs. Otto Meyers), 2537 Ainslie street, Chicago, Ill.
 Amelia Rathert, 723 Cottage avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.

CLASS 1908

Wilhelmina Shug, deceased.
 Elizabeth Schaefer (Mrs. Carl Moeller), deceased.
 Carrie Burns (Mrs. Herman Miller), Upper Sandusky, Ohio.
 Emma Hempel, 1925 Horton avenue, S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Millie Sprengler, 353 S. Reno street, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Clara Reichert (Mrs. Frahm), care of Mr. A. Hartman, Kendallville, Ind.

CLASS 1909

Sylvia Schaufele (Mrs. G. A. Hull), 718 Newport avenue, Defiance, Ohio.
 Anna Bruner (Mrs. F. Growcock), 438 Madison street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Sevilla Denninger, Long Beach, Calif.
 Minnie Brueggeman, Jackson street, Kendallville, Ind.
 Viola Kirschke, Joliet, Ill.
 Carrie Raquet, (Hanna Homestead) Lewis and Gay streets, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Maude Sheehan, Ossian, Ind.
 Hedwig Braatz (Mrs. Otto Kucher), New Haven, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Martha Schneider, 1735 N. Oliver street, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Elva Miller (Mrs. McEwen), Angola, Ind.
 Bertha Smith (Mrs. Graham), Kansas City, Mo.
 Theresa Koth (Mrs. Decker).

CLASS 1910

Lena Kramer, 923 Erie street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Elsie Sander, 1152 N. Goodman street, Rochester, N. Y.
 Marie Sander (Mrs. Munden), 91 Johnson Park, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Bertha Sander (Mrs. Rosskopf), 122 Pleasant avenue, Lancaster, N. Y.
 Meta Koch (Mrs. J. Schmidt), Velva avenue, Parma, Ohio.
 Frieda Boese, deceased.
 Marie Richert, R. R. No. 2, Lake Elmo, Minn.
 Emma Maddux (Mrs. H. H. Blake), Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.
 Pauline Huser, City Hospital, Massilon, Ohio.
 Ella Graf (Mrs. Mathews), Jacksonport, Wis.

CLASS 1911

Margaret Roehrs (Mrs. E. Wolf), deceased.
 Louise Buuck (Mrs. H. Hanser), Burnett, Wis.
 Anna Holtman, Lutheran Hospital, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Selma Fischer (Mrs. G. Hoffman, Hinton, Iowa.
 Esther Hanser (Mrs. Jack Frazer), Tul Mi Chang Whung Hai Do, Korea, Japan.
 Emilie Christ, Adams County Memorial Hospital, Decatur, Ind.
 Effie Riese, 272 Decatur street, Aurora, Ind.
 Frieda Auer (Mrs. St. John), 435 Central avenue, Newark, N. J.
 Catharine Bell, 1468 First street, San Diego, Calif.
 Clementine Bell, deceased.
 Francis Helmer, deceased.
 Laura Duhm, 701 Parkway avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Lottie Creed (Mrs. G. Wade), Windfall, Ind.

CLASS 1912

Elsa Borman (Mrs. Philips), 503 Gurley street, Prescott, Ariz.
 Anna Berger (Mrs. Jakish), deceased.
 Clara Graef, R. R. No. 3, Franklin, Ky.
 Elsa Sperry, 80 Seymour avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.



Agnes Blumenkranz, Blumenkranz Pure Air Sanatorium, Bay Field, Wis.
Eda Lare (Mrs. Holsinger), 911 Hunt avenue, Richmond, Ind.
Lulu Dixon (Mrs. Snell), 1129 Oak street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Emma Guenther (Mrs. Lankenau), Decatur, Ind.
Edith Heiser, 1306 East 7th street, General Hospital, Winfield, Kan.
Marie Brammer (Mrs. H. Schmidt), Giddings, Texas.
Daisy Chapman (Mrs. C. McCallister), Curdes avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.

CLASS 1913

Margaret Reidenbach (Mrs. Jones), care of Dr. Jones, Sidney, Ohio.
Ione Mallman, 1449 S. Ninth street, Sheboygan, Wis.
Francis Nicol, City Hospital, Massillon, Ohio.
Erna Lange, deceased.
Marie Buck (married), Sheboygan, Wis.
Martha Zolman, deceased.
Marie Kaemlin, 1328 Elmwood Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.
Anna Lindecke, 3212 Indiana avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Sadie Sickinger (Mrs. L. Heimlich), 495 Littleton street, W., Lafayette, Ind.
Frieda Kretzman, deceased.

CLASS 1914

Hulda Loser (Mrs. W. Weimar), 2020 Grant avenue, Evanston, Ill.
Nora Johnson (Mrs. E. Bain), Toledo, Ohio.
Bessie Jeffrey (Mrs. Straub), 2210 Clinton street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Lillian Hoffman, 314 W. 9th street, Auburn, Ind.
Mary Winans (Mrs. Geo. Lare).
Minnie Vathauer, 3110 Fairfield avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Leola Richter, Presbyterian Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Anna Wolter, 521 W. Fifth street, Peru, Ind.
Adela Zollman, 775 33rd street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Johanna Klotz (Mrs. Miser), Kendallville, Ind.
 Clara Steiss (Mrs. H. Reid), Tavistock, Ontario, Canada.
 Marie Eickmeyer (Mrs. C. Arnheiter), 217 W. 47th street, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Clara Finger, Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Dayton, Ohio.
 Sophie Kleinsmith (Mrs. M. Meyers), 820 State street, Olean, N. Y.
 Frieda Frincke (Mrs. A. Streuli), 26 Hollywood avenue, Parkview Heights, Crestwood, N. Y.
 Mamie Wuebben, 1188 45th street, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Mayme Stegner (Mrs. G. C. Murphy), 1410 W. State street, Olean, N. Y.

CLASS 1915

Louise Mohr (Mrs. Wm. Gough), 4684 Biona street, San Diego, Calif.
 Ruth Mutschler (Mrs. R. Canouse), Ann Arbor, Mich.
 Katherine Schmidt, Van Wert Hospital, Van Wert, Ohio.
 Ida Lichtsinn (Mrs. H. L. Morris), 2616 A. Webster street.
 Emma Schneider (Mrs. M. Seltz), Burt, Iowa.
 Alma Fincke (Mrs. L. Mason), Box 23, Yolo, Calif.
 Mabel Bechtoldt (Mrs. E. Connor), 1258 Cramer street, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Vera Hoverman (Mrs. S. Moore), 528 Melrose street, Akron, Ohio.
 Marie Ackerman, Sheboygan, Wis.

CLASS 1916

Belle Schneider (Mrs. Savoy), Albion, Ind.
 Irene Nichols (Mrs. Chas. Alexander), R. R. No. 6, Decatur, Ind.
 Nellie Daniels (Mrs. Staley), Decatur, Ind.
 Margaret Daniels, 2724 S. Wayne avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Florence Clark, R. R. No. 7, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Martha Schult, Atkins, Iowa.
 Louise Nicol, Ravenna, Ohio.
 Beda Nicol, 3110 Fairfield avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Eda Bartling (Mrs. Goldsmith), 2308 W. Alhambra Rd., Alhambra, Calif.
 Mary Patton (Mrs. Gillian), Boston, Ind.
 Catherine Zink (Mrs. F. Rodewald), 109 Harview avenue, Hamilton.
 Olive Archer (Mrs. J. Grosjean), 2904 Shawnee Drive, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Eva Beers (Mrs. Metzger), Gresham, Oregon.

CLASS 1917

Anna Kruse, Toledo, Ohio.
Nina Gross (Mrs. B. Rundell), 609 39th street, Milwaukee, Wis.
Anna Kugler (Mrs. L. Krimmel), 429 E. Wildwood avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Laura Hinderer, St. Mary's, Ohio.
Elinore Daehnke, 439 Montgomery street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Villett Wehrle (Mrs. R. Armey), 1110 Hamilton Drive, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Cora Habighorst, Berlin Memorial Hospital, Green Bay, Wis.
Dorothea Sander (Mrs. P. Weinhold), Gregory, S. D.
Louise Henrich (Mrs. P. G. Galloway), Box 433 Union Station, Tucson, Ariz.
Anna Zoring (Mrs. C. Moore), 1204 Juniper avenue, North Hill, Akron, Ohio.
Lesta Skeels (Mrs. C. Frank), 1559 Minnesota avenue, Columbus, Ohio.
Ida Fleming, 412 Nussbaum avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Nora German (Mrs. J. Tudor, 1017 Northwood Blvd., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Marian Moore, 814 Minor street, South Bend, Ind.

CLASS 1918

Corabelle Joerns (Mrs. Brown), 303 Walnut street, S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Margaret Stoskopf (Mrs. H. Adams), Kendallville, Ind.
Pauline Franz (Mrs. P. Saxman), 108 Ida avenue, Akron, Ohio.
Pauline Bischoff, Lutheran Hospital, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Bessie Cottrell, 604 W. Washington Blvd., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Lulu Kestler, Elwood, Indiana.
Meta Borneman (Mrs. F. Schaefer), Box 312, Billings, Mont.
Julia Plass (Mrs. H. Schoppman), New Haven, Ind.
Lottie Keller, Lutheran Hospital, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Eva Kelly, Howe, Ind.
Golda Turley (Mrs. Snyder), Alamogordo, New Mexico.
Anne Holtkamp, 211 S. Lucas street, Los Angeles, Calif.
Delta Trautman (Mrs. E. Schmoe), 325 Kinnaird avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Mary Denner (Mrs. E. Robinson), Warsaw, Ind.
Margaret Succop, 4432 12th street, Detroit, Mich.
Ruth Fair (Mrs. R. George).
Nelle Saxman (Mrs. Theo Gallmeier), 1721 Clover Lane, Fort Wayne, Ind.

CLASS 1919

Ida Finger (Mrs. N. H. Griffin, 650 N. McComb street, St. Martin, Tenn.
 Dorcas Stevens (Mrs. H. F. Logan), Bluffton, Ind.
 Madeline Beaghtler (Mrs. B. Street), 720 Hendersonville Rd., Biltmore, N. C.
 Maltida Miller, San Diego, Calif.
 Alma Zimmeman, 715 Chicago street, Wausau, Wis.
 Wilda Sutter (Mrs. A. Bohne), 3705 Shady Court, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Louise Stockman (Mrs. R. Sherror), 1345 Kennedy St., N. W., Washington, D.C.
 Ella Grabe (Mrs. I. A. Chaffee), Box 234, Southgate, Calif.
 Bertha Shernau (Mrs. Hubler), Sturgis, Mich.
 Hazel Shettel (Mrs. J. L. Poole), 513 Longfellow St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
 Fannie Chandler, 2116 George street, Anderson, Ind.
 Elsa Finger, Branch Hospital, Price Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLASS 1920

Meta Arndt, 3459 Madison street, Chicago, Ill.
 Edna Arndt (Mrs. Carl Tellman), Montreal, Canada.
 Mae Wilson (Mrs. Mulvane), Ossian, Ind.
 Erna Lueders (Mrs. Howard Mast), Sturgis, Mich.
 Dorothea Matterson (Mrs. Chester Albro), 718 Woodbine avenue, Rochester, N. Y.
 Dorothea Stewart, 1219 Kinnaird avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Beatrice Greenwalt, care of Y. W. C. A., 194 Broadway, Portland, Ore.
 Lile Koch (Mrs. Loren Carey), LaCrosse, Wis.
 Mae Heine, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Rowena Shoaf (Mrs. Charles Holthouse), Decatur, Ind.
 Edith Bald, 1213 Maple avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Helen Boyer (Mrs. Alfred Melgard), 309 N. Burkit avenue, Mishawaka, Ind.
 Jeanette Bryan (Mrs. F. Fox), 829 Greenlawn, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Theodora Riekenberg, care of Dr. A. Johnson, Lincoln, Kan.
 Vesta Neff (Mrs. J. Ebersole), 303 W. South street, Bluffton, Ind.
 Aurelia Wendlandt (Mrs. Irwin Hofman), 206 Mason street, Apt. 27, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



Rhea Better (Mrs. S. Snyder), Browning Annex, Apt. 257, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Harriet McMillen (Mrs.)
 Susie Gaff (Mrs. A. Hare), 998 Holsey street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Mortez Emery, Adams County Memorial Hospital, Decatur, Ind.
 Adah Bell (married), 1403 Penn avenue, Fairmont, W. Va.
 Augusta Yager, 426 Packard avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Lydia Kirsch (Mrs. Wm. Nyffer), Indianapolis, Ind.
 Amelia Nord, Ishpeming, Mich.

CLASS 1921

Gertude Nickels, Adams County Memorial Hospital, Decatur, Ind.
 Clara Mosier (Mrs. W. Foerster), 2018 California avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Velma Watson (Mrs. A. Phipps), 1804 Dubois street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Ada Fry, Irene Byron Sanatorium, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 June Gray, 604 W. Washington boulevard, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Pauline Yaeger, Gary, Ind.
 Helen Dickroeger, Lutheran Hospital, Sioux City, Iowa.
 Anna Vonderau, care of Duemling Clinic, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Valeria Nord, Ishpeming Hospital, Ishpeming, Mich.
 Zena Williams (Mrs. Wm. Lynn), Decatur, Ind.
 Elizabeth Stevens (Mrs. Wm. Engelbrecht), 3019 S. Wayne avenue, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
 Edna Kroeger, Villa Alba, F. C. S., Argentina, S. A.
 Bertha Bentrup, Elma, Iowa.
 Irene Franz (Mrs. F. Whitesell), 3031 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
 Luella Ritt, Deaconess Hospital, Evansville, Ind.
 Florence Van Drew (Mrs. Eme), 815 Eliza street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Ruth Scott (Mrs. F. Case), 361 Cleveland avenue, Salem, Ohio.

CLASS 1922

Iva Lower (Mrs. Warren Sonner), 344 N. 4th avenue, Phoenix, Ariz.
 Minnie Wheatridge Sanitarium, Wheatridge, Colo.
 Edythe Gappinger, Goshen Hospital, Goshen, Ind.

Hedwig Mietzner, Wheatridge Sanitarium, Wheatridge, Colo.
 Elsa Hopman, Wheatridge Sanitarium, Wheatridge, Colo.
 Bertha Abelein, Lakeside Hospital, Kendallville, Ind.
 Meta Bahde (Mrs. F. F. Laughlin), Milwaukee, Wis.
 Ruby Johnson (Mrs. Ed. Mauk), Deland, Florida.
 Ruth Johnson (Mrs. R. Geller), 3932 Indiana avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Naomi Butler, General Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Hulda Ruge (Mrs. D. Buckmaster), Friesburg, N. Y.
 Chloe Van Horn, 2018 California avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Hulda Junge, St. Alexius Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Katherine Ganshorn (Mrs. C. Blair), N. 2nd street, Decatur, Ind.
 Mabel Dunifon (Mrs. A. Stickley), Decatur, Ind.
 Ina Kempff, 271 Elliott street, Detroit, Mich.
 Grace Sherman (Mrs. D. Martin), Garrett, Ind.
 Helen Branstrator, Richmond, Ind.

CLASS 1923

Mabel Ohmart (Mrs. Kelsey), Chicago, Ill.
 Elizabeth Praeuner, 202 E. 6th street, Santa Anna, Calif.
 Helen Brase (Mrs. A. Rodekohr), Meadow Grove, Neb.
 Elizabeth Riekenberg, Santa Anna, Calif.
 Bertha Arkebauer, Deaconess Hospital, Marshalltown, Ia.
 Nina Youse, 1002 Packard avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Esther Tegeler, Children's Hospital, Denver, Colo.
 Bessie Crowell, Lakeside Hospital, Kendallville, Ind.
 Frances Mahler, Adams County Memorial Hospital, Decatur, Ind.
 Florence Eme (Mrs. F. Aurandt), Adams County Memorial Hospital, Decatur, Ind.
 Clara Wiebke, Culman, Ala.
 Bessie Hanthorne (Mrs. S. C. Welty), 4308 Marquette Drive, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 M. Muriel Watson, R. R. No. 2, Tipton, Ind.
 Bessie Stenke, R. R. No. 3, Ellsworth, Mich.
 Norma Kleist, 542 16th street, Oshkosh, Wis.
 Frances Lueders (Mrs. G. Keen), 1214 Clara street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Ella Michael (Mrs. E. Hemingray), St. Joseph, Mich.
 Lydia Litchner, 3350 Scranton Road, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Esther Spittoesser (Mrs. Leslie Clonkey), Hope, N. D.
 Elsie Dress (Mrs. Geo. Belding), 291 Forest, E., Detroit, Mich.
 Clara Dienst, Lutheran Hospital, Alamosa, Colo.
 Della Bickel, Methodist Hospital, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Breta Gahman (Mrs. B. Odell), 718 Woodward avenue, Lima, Ohio.
 Lucille Mulvane, Miami County Hospital, Peru, Ind.
 Esther Schurdell, Lutheran Hospital, Alamosa, Colo.

CLASS 1924

Ruth Schroeder, Lutheran Hospital, York, Neb.
 Beatrice Klaehn, 336 W. Washington Blvd., Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Irene Bruns, 315 W. Williams street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Esther Tassinari, 430 Courtland street, Union City, N. J.
 Dora Eldridge (Mrs. R. Sliger), Kendallville, Ind.
 Almira Nehring, Christian Hospital, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Leonora Friedrichs, 1410 S. 12th street, Sheboygan, Wis.
 Flossy Meyers, 369 Penn Place, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Martha Eber, 1376 Lexington avenue, New York, N. Y.
 Helen Rakow, 321 Barrington avenue, Dundee, Ill.
 Ruth Keller (Mrs. Oliver), 3723 Barr street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Floy Hetrick, 124 W. DeWald street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Gladys Eme (Mrs. A. J. Kintz), 4311 Champlain Drive, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Elsie Mohr, Sioux City, Iowa.
 Martha Halleen, 2353 Clark avenue, Detroit, Mich.
 Ruth Tegeler (Mrs. G. Huebner), Crespo, Entre Rios, Argentine, S. A.
 Florence Shinbeckler (Mrs. Wm. Klaehn), R. R. No. 6, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Marie Luecht (Mrs. M. Black), 302 State street, St. John's, Mich.

CLASS 1925

Clara Troeger, 912 Madison street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Eva Stasell, 1953 E. 84th street, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Dorothea Stuebe, 733 Johnson street, Portland, Ore.



Helen Fessel, 515 Taber street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Velma Gross, 3619 W. Harrison, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Violet Peters, 628 Oakdale Drive, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Leona Stoltenberg (Mrs. Stoppelwerth), Lawrence, Kan.
 Hulda Buegel, 419 W. 145th street, New York, N. Y.
 Beata Randt, 422 W. 44th street, New York, N. Y.
 Martha Hild, 2817 Smith street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Neva Bushong, Lagrange, Ind.
 Mathilda Uffelman, 1002 Packard avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Hannah Seiders, 1658 Hollywood Road, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Susan Koza, 1144 Lovers Lane, Akron, Ohio.
 Zella Lamb, Economy, Ind.
 Hilda Jaeger, Sherman Hospital, Elgin, Ill.
 Agnes Schwan (married), 4734 Seyburn avenue, Detroit, Mich.
 Rosella Browning, 628 Oakdale Drive, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Elma Wright, Cromwell, Ind.
 Ruth Trettin, Kaukauna, Wis.
 Dorothy Odier (Mrs. Ed Bleeke), 804 Cottage avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Miss Clara Weilman (Mrs. Clara Mariotte), 3231 S. Harrison street, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

CLASS 1926

Elfrieda Wilkens, Lutheran Hospital, York, Neb.
 Esther Schoneberg, 1443 Marion street, Denver, Colo.
 Bertha Kaiser (Mrs. G. Weisner), 324 Willon street, Teaneck, N. J.
 Mildred Railing (married), 304 N. 5th street, Decatur, Ind.
 Katherine Stuehr, Lutheran Hospital, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Elva Zehr (Mrs. W. D. Gilmore), Irene Byron Sanitarium, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Florence Pfeiffer, Blackford County Hospital, Hartford City, Ind.
 Pauline Weybright (Mrs. Schallenberger), 111 1/2 W. Creighton avenue, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
 Mera Schrader, Nagercoil, India.
 Alta Krouse, Dr. Sanders Hospital, Auburn, Ind.
 Grace Pressler (Mrs. O. Lemberg), Columbia City, Ind.



Helen Sidel, 56 Beach street, Westerly, R. I.
 Nella Miller, 420 Montgomery street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Norma Kayser (Mrs. Ed. Block), South Bend, Ind.
 Lydia Hasz, 2901 Oliver street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Alma Miller, Lutheran Hospital, Norfolk, Nebr.
 Edna Zitzman, 109½ W. Creighton avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Mabel Schumeser (Mrs. Carl Mueller), Hammond, Ind.

CLASS 1927

Miss Rosa A. Norton.
 Chrystal Tricker, Adams County Memorial Hospital, Decatur, Ind.
 Wilma Lemar (Mrs. Vaughn Sloniker), 404 Elizabeth street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Miss Lucille Martin, 2717 Euclid avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Alma Keck, 726 Kinsmore avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Rosha Bremer, 1819 6th avenue, Fort Dodge, Iowa.
 Esther Brandt (Mrs. E. Havens), Elwood, Ind.
 Wanda Fehlberg, 947 South Main street, Kalispell, Montana.
 Mildred Moore, 1118 Oakdale Drive, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Clara Mueller (Mrs. C. Lange), Nagercoil, Travancore, S. India.
 Elsie Mahler (Mrs. E. Hattendorf), Trivandum, Travancore, S. India.
 Violet Swanson, 205 E. Baker avenue, Michigan City, Ind.
 Anna Stoskopf, 724 Packard avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Norah Johnson (Mrs. Keck).
 Martha Buchholz, Deaconess Hospital, Beaver Dam, Wis.
 Nina Hosler.
 Gertrude Steinbauer, 2332 Oliver street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Leona Wulliman, Adams County Memorial Hospital, Decatur, Ind.
 Mildred LaRue, Union City Hospital, Union City, Ind.
 Ida Schwartz, Wells County Hospital, Bluffton, Ind.
 Elizabeth Jordan, 1109 W. Jefferson street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Edna Bosler, 724 Packard avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Mildred Elzey, Adams County Memorial Hospital, Decatur, Ind.
 Ruth Vollmer (Mrs. Kruckeberg), 3214 S. Anthony, Fort Wayne, Ind.



CLASS 1928

Lea Schott, 2916 Webster street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Galen Kinsey (Mrs. Galen Snyder), 120 E. Dutton street, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Virginia Clark (Mrs. O. T. Kidder), Irene Byron Sanitorium, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Minnie Spurgat, 838 Myrtle street, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Hazel Stiner, Van Wert, Ohio.
Vecil Bookout, 2724 South Wayne avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Anna Klopfenstein, Woodburn, Ind.
Louise Stillman, 3482 E. Boulevard, S. E., Cleveland, Ohio.
Mildred Schinbeckler, 2724 South Wayne street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Gertrude Stuebe, 712 Home avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Ruth Klaehn, 336 W. Washington Blvd., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Flora Schieman, 712 Home avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Caroline Schifferly, Paulding, Ohio.
Ethel Ankney, 2320 Hoagland avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Helen Herther, 712 Home avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Martha Krug, 906 S. Kenwood, Austin, Minn.
Gertrude Oberheu, Deaconess Hospital, Beaver Dam, Wis.
Helen Kramer, 2916 Webster street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Elfeda Denis, Roanoke, Ind.
Clara Branstrator (Mrs. Paul Lehman), Roanoke, Ind.
Juanita Shamp, 3104 Fairfield avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.



An Ode to the Teaching Staff

Esteemed, faithful, instructive may we show our appreciation.
By these modest lines? and with your permission
We will laud your skill in teaching us the essentials
Of nursing. You aided us nobly in obtaining our credentials.
We've given you many moments of great anxiety
So studious we applied ourselves and dug away diligently.

Now approaches State Board, each Senior's fatal moment
Determines whether an R.N. degree will be her name's endorsement.
How we long to recall each little word
That during your lectures of the multi-ologies we heard.
Of course that's not possible for poor dumb-bells like we.
But maybe through struggles we'll get our longed-for degree.

Dr. Short's annual lecture
Happened on a Monday night.
We fear he missed his conjecture,
That it didn't interest us as it might.
He has given us valuable material
To meet our exam at State Board.
His personality is very congenial,
His knowledge and ability remain in accord.

Dr. Ed. Kruse, some man is he
In surgery, medical work, O. B.
When you suffer with the itches
Just ask him what to do.
He'll call it some big named dermatitis,
Prescribe for you the right goo.

The Sherlock Holmes in medicine
Is Schneider, you know Dr. Lawrence.
In detecting trouble he will win
With his persistent, research endurance.
But just a secret between you and me,
Don't you think he's quite some handsome M.D.?

Dr. Hilgeman found a very bad tooth,
 And he went right to work and pulled it.
 He claims women talk too much forsooth,
 So he uses his own tried method,
 He props open the mouth and gives 'em gas;
 Now the amount of pain doesn't matter,
 They regain their voice after this has passed
 And they live happy ever after.

Dr. Garrett Van Sweringen, sarcasm personified,
 To do your patients' charting we're terrified.
 When you give medical aid
 It's like labels in Germany made.
 Disease and bacteria flee when you appear,
 But when you give ether, "Sh sh! Keep quiet, my dear."

Honorable Welty, S. G. M. D.,
 As Freshmen you taught us anatomy;
 Occipital, metacarpal, femur, bones galore,
 You tried hard to impress us with those and more.
 We pegged away ambitiously, yet I fear,
 Anatomy wasn't mastered by us in one year.

The next year Dr. Lehmborg gave us his attention;
 Nerves, circulation, organs he did more than mention,
 You'd be surprised how thorough he taught us.
 Out of his store of wisdom he constantly brought us
 Wise cracks. Now Columbia City finds them.
 Ah! yes, he's married, in the elite circle reigning supreme.

"Nurse!" comes thundering thru' the halls,
 "Where's that nurse to make our calls?"
 Do you know the gentleman's fame?
 The chief surgeon, L. W. Elston is his name.
 Thyroids, gallstones, many an appendix
 Miraculously disappears. P. P. M. of Q. is his famous RX.



Dear Uncle Ad., our faithful friend,
 We know him by whistling some lively tunes,
 With plenty teasing we must contend;
 His sonorous voice we hear around noon,
 He and friend stork work hand in hand,
 Dr. Schneider is sovereign in babyland.

When in our Junior year, our class
 Badly in need of a friend, were we.
 Dr. Bowers' loyalty, hard to surpass,
 Made some hit with us, yes siree!
 Our Wednesday gynecology at three,
 Was truly as interesting as could be.

Dr. Carey's activity spells physiotherapy.
 Frank does the massage of backs and limbs.
 Alpine lamp, Nauheim bath, diathermy,
 Petrosage, efflurage, nervous whines.
 Anything which runs in that line,
 He'll see that his patient is fixed up fine.

Now Dr. Ditton came along
 And taught us orthopedics;
 Lectured extensive and talked long
 Expanded gray matter in our apex.
 But when we had our annual test
 Proved some sections of our craniums were still at rest.

Buzz-a-buzz and buzz in the middle of the night,
 The telephone's ringing. Some poor daddy cried,
 "Our baby has the colic, what can we do?"
 Doc, hurry out quick, he needs a pill or two."
 Calmly replies Dr. Carlo to this,
 "I'm sure he's not dying,
 Give'm regular feedings, sunshine, fresh air,
 Plenty of water. Keep 'em warm and let him cry his share."



Dr. Miller, he's a smart old boy,
 A friend of the nursing profession,
 A medical eye for beauty has he;
 But we won't guess at his intention.
 He's mighty smart in chemistry,
 If we were that smart, how lucky we'd be.

Meet Dr. Cornell, he has the rep
 Of a mighty good diagnostician.
 His knowledge, I hear, is indefinite,
 He'll cure many a serious condition.
 We've often wondered whether he ever smiles,
 But that is a matter of physiognomy styles.

When your noses need attention
 And you're miserable with a cold,
 If this to Dr. McBride you'll kindly mention,
 In vain you've not your troubles told.
 Nitro-glycerine, argyrol, cocaine four per cent,
 A few tears, and your cold, "Oh how it went!"
 A friend to us all is Dr. McBride,
 His eye-ear-nose-throat work
 Is known far and wide.

When it comes to tuberculosis
 Dr. Crull knows all that's required.
 Origin, treatment and causes,
 How health through rest is acquired.
 Just leave it to him, he treats 'em
 At the I. B. San, you bet.
 I believe they kinda like him,
 He sure peps them up some bit.

Dr. Moats we've always admired,
 He surely knows his stuff;
 He teaches *Materia Medica*,
 That subject is big enough.
 How we wish we knew all the actions
 And doses and names of all drugs,
 The extracts, tinctures, concoctions,
 Those big words simply drive us bugs.



Dr. Truelove looks worldly wise
When on the microscope he glues his eyes.
I must say what he doesn't know
About germs, bugs and microbes won't stand the show.
Staphs, streps, aerobes, bacilli T. B.,
Klebs-Loefler, Spirillae, B. Tetani
Cannot deceive him with their harmonious intrigue.
To Erlich, Koch, Kahn and Ebreth he is a colleague.

Neurons, spinal cord and a complicated brain,
Dr. Rodeguez knows all about it.
Hysteria, insomnia or referred pain,
Psychasthenia, maybe an epileptic fit.
He lectures an hour, we could listen a day;
Dr. Roddy also knows all about x-ray.

Now we've sung your praises and lauded your fame,
Please grant us that satisfaction,
Deep in our mem'ries you'll always remain.
As you've proven yourselves in words and action.
The hours you've spent in teaching this class
We surely appreciate it. They've established their place.

—'29



Her First Case

The beautiful full moon of spring shone down in friendliness upon the Nurses' Home of Hope Hospital. It was midnight and all the girls were peacefully sleeping after a day of suspense and an evening of excitement, for it had been commencement day and another class had passed into the realm of graduate nurses.

It was not entirely true to say that all were asleep for Jean Harris, one of the leaders of the Senior class, who had received her diploma that evening, lay slim and straight in her narrow white bed, unable to sleep. Tomorrow she was leaving for home for a week's vacation. She had studied and worked hard all year and felt the need of a short rest. She was not to finish until late September, and as her sister was being married, she was going home for the wedding.

Jean had not seen her sister Dorothy for two years and the following week was to be crowded full of all sorts of pleasures and excitement. Her suitcase was already packed and she was to leave on the noon train.

Would the night never end? Would morning never come? Finally, she fell into a light sleep to dream of home and the coming events.

Suddenly she awoke. She had heard something—someone was calling her. Or was she dreaming?

"Miss Harris, wake up," she was being tapped on the shoulder.

She sat up in bed to see Miss Parker, the night supervisor of the medical floor, standing over her.

"Miss Harris," she continued, when she saw that Jean was awake enough to understand, "That pneumonia case Dr. Day sent in this morning has become worse and they have decided to get a special nurse. They asked that you be allowed to take the case. The patient seems to have taken a great liking to you. Will you take it?"

"But, Miss Parker," stammered Jean.

"I know," interrupted the supervisor, "that you were to start on a week's vacation and were looking forward to a great deal of pleasure and fun. But don't you think making an attempt to save a human life is more valuable? Do you think you could go home and really enjoy that vacation, knowing that you had refused to aid in saving a life?"

Jean lay back in deep thought for a few moments.

"Think twice before you decide," continued the supervisor kindly, "I know it's hard to do but I'm sure you will do the right thing. You have never been known to neglect a duty, and when seeing it, have carried it to a finish with flying colors."

"I'll go, Miss Parker. I don't see how I could hesitate to help a patient who needs me so badly. I'll report on duty in about fifteen minutes."

"I knew we could depend on you."

Jean shed a few tears which would not be held back after the supervisor left. Then she arose and hurriedly slipped into her uniform. She collected a few necessary personal



belongings, stole quietly out of her room, down the corridor, and out into the moonlit world. She took deep breaths of the cool sweet air and braced herself for the coming ordeal, for what she had taken upon herself was not the easiest thing in the world.

As she entered the Charting Room of the medical floor, Dr. Day looked up from the desk where he was writing orders.

He smiled and said, "I'm sorry we had to call you out at this hour of the night, Miss Harris, but I'm sure you can do more for the patient than anyone else."

"Thank you, Dr. Day," was the quiet reply.

"As soon as I have given you these orders," he continued as she stepped to the desk, "we will take another look at the patient and then I will leave him to you. I am going home to take a few hours rest. I see little chance for recovery, to be frank with you, but we can only hope."

"I realize we are expecting a lot of you, but I think you can do it," as they walked down the hall together.

"I'll do my best, Doctor."

Upon the bed lay a man of about fifty years. His eyes were closed and he was muttering slowly and indistinctly.

Beside him sat a woman of about the same age, a very distinguished-looking woman who might have been considered goodlooking, had her features not been marred with a look of worry and grief. Dark rings under her eyes told of many a sleepless night.

As she caught sight of the two entering the room, a look of intense relief crossed her face.

"How perfectly wonderful of you to come at this hour of the night."

"Mrs. Leslie, you can get some much needed rest now," said the doctor, with a smile, as he patted her on the shoulder. "I am going to take one more look at the patient and then turn him over to the nurse for the night," as she leaned over the bed for a closer look at the patient. He examined him and with a kind word to the worried wife he turned to go.

"Miss Harris, if you see any change, don't hesitate to call me."

"Yes, doctor."

Jean went to the Service Room, arrayed herself in a mask and gown, and began her work with a will. Her first object was to make the patient as comfortable as possible.

"Are you sure that is the way you are to do that, dearie?" queried the anxious wife.

"Yes, Mrs. Leslie, this is according to the doctor's orders."

"Won't you please go to the rest-room and try to get a little rest? I'm sure he is alright and I will promise to call you, should there be the slightest change."

"No, I'm going to stay right here."

Jean brought in a dose of some medicine which had been ordered.

"You looked at the bottle three times before you brought it? You're not poisoning him, are you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Leslie, I'm positive it's right."

Toward morning the patient ceased his muttering and dropped into a light sleep. His wife, being utterly exhausted, was finally persuaded to take a little rest.

One of the nurses from the floor took Jean's place beside the bed while she accompanied Mrs. Leslie to the rest-room and there sat beside her, stroking her head and talking to her in a quieting voice until she fell asleep.

Returning to her patient, Jean found him still resting quietly. Oh! How she prayed that he might get well.

For three long days he hovered between life and death. Jean worked as she had never worked before. The constant nagging and doubting of the patient's wife made it doubly hard. Not one thing was done that she did not ask, "Are you sure that's right? Did the doctor say you should do that?" Jean did her best to control her temper, but she almost went insane.

"Oh! How I wish my son Dan were here," she would say. "He would know if you were doing that right. You could not put anything over on a poor, lone woman." Dan was their only son who was on important business for his father in Europe. He had been called, but had not yet arrived.

The patient grew weaker and weaker and on the third evening of Jean's vigil, he passed from delirium into death.

Mrs. Leslie went into hysterics: "Oh! I knew you would kill him, I knew you were not doing right."

"Mrs. Leslie," Dr. Day, who was present at the time of death, spoke kindly but firmly, "Both Miss Harris and I have done all in our power, but the case rested in One Who has more power than we."

"If you will tell me of your wishes, I will gladly make all arrangements."

Mr. Leslie's body was to be taken immediately to New York, his birthplace. Arrangements were made and Mrs. Leslie took her departure without a word of farewell to Jean.

Jean, now more in need of rest than ever, went heartbrokenly home to mother's arms for comfort.

Late in October Jean, coming home from a case of private duty, thought of that case and wondered what had become of Mrs. Leslie. She now felt only sympathy for one who could so easily lose control.

An expensive high-powered car stood in front of her home. Who could it be?

"Why, Mrs. Leslie! What on earth are you doing here?"

"I have come to apologize for my unforgivable behavior of last June. Can you ever forgive one who treated you as badly as I did?"

"You are fully and freely forgiven," responded Jean heartily.

"Thank you, my dear. And now I have a proposition to make to you. After everything was over, I collapsed and have been in bed almost ever since. My doctor has ordered me south for the winter and advises that I take a companion along. I can think of no one I would rather have than you. Will you go?"

Jean's eyes grew large with wonder. Was she dreaming?

"I'd love to go, Mrs. Leslie. I can't tell you how much I appreciate your asking me."

"We will be ready to start a week from today. My son is driving us down."

Then followed a week of feverish planning and preparation, and soon Jean found herself speeding southward to the sunny land of Florida.

The ensuing four months were like a dream to Jean. She learned to love Mrs. Leslie and even her smallest service was appreciated.

Dan spent much of his time with them and showed them all the points of interest in that part of the country. In the afternoons when they had settled Mrs. Leslie for her nap, they would go riding, boating or swimming together.

One afternoon shortly before their return to the north, Dan and Jean came up from a long tramp. Jean's cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkling. Dan looked as if he had conquered the earth.

"Mother, may I introduced you to my future wife? That is what this young lady has promised to be in the near future."

"My dear! I'm so happy!" and Mrs. Leslie kissed them both.



My Cap

It lies here before me—a bit of white, crisp linen. There is nothing about it, visible to the eye, which makes it unique or at all prepossessing. An inanimate object, thirteen inches square, made from a large linen handkerchief—please use only the narrow-hemmed ones, says the prospectus—this, my cap.

It is something of a tyrant. It must always be laundered by my own hand because of its unhappy reaction to the ministrations of the laundry mangle. This is an exacting process, this laundering, and always demands doing on the nights I am weariest, and there could not possibly be a cap anywhere which shows so soon a bit of prolonged wear. It is full of temperament. It promptly proceeds to make its wearer look ridiculous if it gets pushed an infinitesimal part of an inch out of plumb. It becomes a sad and sorry affair, dejected and apologetic, if it ever meets a stray raindrop or a brisk breeze. Surely, 'tis not an easy cap to satisfy.

But the charm and magic of this creation completely overlie the imperiousness of its demands, and these latter are only the dear whims of a beloved child. I humor it with love and complete understanding.

During the happily unforgettable days of my preliminary period in training, it began to impress me vividly as a stinking thing in itself. It no longer was merely a part of a uniform, an entirely useless little adornment perched atop the head of a nurse. Its own peculiar significance had begun to resolve into comprehension within me. One incident in particular returns to me clearly. I was standing beside our instructor during a practical demonstration. In bending over the bed, her cap, immaculate in starched perfection, was brought very close to my hand, so that by merely moving a finger I might have brushed it. The proximity of that insignia of my desired profession awakened arresting thoughts; definite wishes intermingled with vague longings and, more than all, a keen consciousness of the symbolism of it. For a long moment I was impervious to the wiles of pedagogy, standing apart in gray space with a realization of the gulf between me, the embodiment of the capless, and her, typical of those whose privilege it was to wear it, sweeping over me as freshly and sharply as a cold wind.

It was an increasingly beautiful thing after it was mine, to have and to hold. Sensing its presence was a comfort in times of pressure and a matter of pride in sunnier circumstances. It was a part of me, my refuge and my joy. I derived a certain pleasure out of the moments when it was brushed away in sudden unexpected contacts with screens or



patients, even if the contour might be momentarily—or otherwise—spoiled. I enjoyed having a cap there to be brushed. Its shadow, a slender spire beyond my head, preceding me down a dim hall in the hours of early morning or wavering a bit in a cold winter wind as I went home off duty in the evening, seemed alive with promises of the things I wanted to be.

But it is since my student days are behind me that it is most precious. I bear it proudly with a deep consciousness of the spirit of it. It is the sign of my profession and tells of strong women and tender service. It tells of wise sympathy without sentimentality; broad understanding without cynicism; charity without weakness. By virtue of its own design it represents my training school, that institution which for three years taught me nursing principles and practices, and whose imprint will be a part of me for all the rest of my life. In strange places and under strange circumstances it is a tie with the dearly familiar. It expresses my trained mind and my trained hands through a labor which absorbs me with profoundly vital experiences; the stark tragedy and the relieving comedy; the high moments and the level hours of quiet needs of the ways of life under great stress. In it are compounded my profession, my training school and myself.

—*American Journal of Nursing.*

The Doctor

James Whitcomb Riley

"He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear,
And stuck his finger on the place
And said, "Thou ailest here and here!"

—*Matthew Arnold.*

We may idealize the chief of men,
Idealize the humblest citizen,
Idealize the ruler in his chair,
The poor man or the poorer millionaire,
Idealize the soldier, sailor—or
The simple man of peace—at war's war,
The hero of the sword or fife and drum,
Why not idealize the doctor some?

The doctor is by principle, we know,
Opposed to sentiment; he veils all show
Of feeling, and is proudest when he hides
The sympathy which natively abides
Within the stoic precincts of a soul
Which owns strict duty as its first control;
And so must guard the ill, lest worse may come.
Why not idealize the doctor some?

He is the master of emotions—He
Is likewise certain of that mastery,
Or dare he face contagion in its ire,
Or scathing fever in its leaping fire?
He needs must smile upon the ghastly face
That yearns up toward him in that sordid place
Where even Saint-like Sisters' lips grow dumb.
Why not idealize the doctor some?

He wisely hides his heart from you and me—
He hath grown tearless of necessity,—
He knows the sight is clearer, being blind;
He knows the cruel knife is very kind;
Ofttimes he must be pitiless, for thought
Of remembered wife or child be sought
To save through kindness that was overcome,
Why not idealize the doctor some?

Bear with him trustful, in the darkest doubt
Of how the misery of death comes out;
He knows—he knows, aye better yet than we,
That out of Time must dawn Eternity;
He knows his own compassion—which he would
Give in relief of all ills, if he could,—
We wait alike our Master. He will come.
Do we idealize the doctor some?



35 Years Hence

(Taken from "The Clinic Telescope")

A completely successful operation was performed this morning in which Dr. L. W. Elston removed a specific collection of pneumonia from a patient's lung.

We congratulate Dr. Roddy upon his favorable reception of star rays which reflect into body cavities to prevent all possibility of carcinoma.

Dr. Short's new method of cystoscopies by the abstract method has been approved of and is now being used in many European countries as well as in America.

The dissolution of renal calculi by a new chemical called Doolalic Acid which, as we remember, was prepared by Ward Cleland, is gaining in popularity.

Since the absence of tonsillar tissue caused by the use of Dr. McBride's formula in 1940, we are now anticipating the success of his latest accomplishment, which, crudely explained, softens the calceous consistency of the mastoid area of the temporal bone and thus does away with former difficulties of hard-headed individuals.

Dr. Cornell is widely sought after to anaesthetize patients by his hypnotizing glance and pleasing personality. His nocturnal rest is no longer disturbed by calls for sedatives since his influence lasts any required length of time.

Dr. Carlo's advise for swimming lessons to infants, as soon as they are past the stage of umbilical infections, is being acted upon by the Board of Public Health. His argument is that it helps in keeping correct weight, digesting food and aids muscular development.

Dr. Hilgeman completed his final experiment with his alkaline application to the teeth, which acts as a protection and prevents the erosion of the enamel and dentin by acid formation.

With much anticipation do we await the finis of the debate of Dr. Carlo and Dr. Hilgeman concerning the disposal of the temporary set of teeth.



“Our Social Life”

Dear Outside World:

My, I've been wanting to write and tell you something of “Our Social Life” during our three years of training at the Lutheran Hospital.

Though we have spent many a day with long hours of hard work—the memories of our social activities are very pleasant and fascinating.

First of all, Thanksgiving day. To our surprise the dining room was beautifully decorated with crepe paper, but that's not all, the tables were loaded down with eats, and more eats. Really the next day we all felt in need of an operation.

Christmas promised to be a homesick time for most of us. Oh! No! Such a surprise! For it was one of the most beautiful and impressive Christmas celebrations I ever attended.

There was a Christmas tree and underneath its branches lay hundreds of packages, waiting to be distributed by Santa. Carols were sung, filling the atmosphere with the Yuletide spirit. We were all happy, you should have seen us. Such a sight opening packages, eating nuts, and candies to our hearts' content.

During the holiday season the student body and faculty were royally entertained by the Junior class. Leave it to them, for they were all professional actors, giving a series of playlets representing the months of the year. After this we were all taken to Santa Land where delicious luncheon was served.

Next, a Journal party was given by Miss Holtman in honor of *The American Journal of Nursing*. It was green frocks, green prizes and last but not least green refreshments were served at a late hour.

Did you ever enjoy a sneak day? We did and such fun! Seniors only! With the aid of alarm clocks we wakened at four a. m. Dashing out of bed, quietly, of course, so as not to awaken the faculty and under-classmates. All excited we hiked out to the home of Edith Fosler and there seated in their lovely back yard around a big bonfire a delicious breakfast was enjoyed. We spent the rest of the morning playing games, entirely forgetting our dignified ways. All to soon, for at noon we returned to the hospital to find the Freshmen, Juniors and faculty wondering where and what had become of the Seniors.

Here it is our last spring in training. With great anticipation we are looking forward to the Junior-Senior reception, Baccalaureate services, Commencement exercises and all its accompanying parties.

Leaving the next to your imagination you can see our minds are full of happy thoughts of the past and as graduate nurses we hope to continue our relationships with our Alma Mater through our Alumni Association.

Nurses' Special.



The Graduates

When we come to the end of a perfect day
And we sit and think of the past,
Our thoughts go back three years or more,
The time has gone so fast.

It was spring, the birds were singing,
Everything was lovely and fair,
Our spirits were high and our hearts were light,
We had no thought of a care.

We were Freshmen—it was hard to believe
That we were ready at last
To serve in the lovely profession
We had longed for during the past.

We soon found that all wasn't happiness,
There were sorrows to share with young and old.
But through the love of this service,
God, His characters mold.

Trusting in Him for strength,
We pushed forward with faces shining,
Soon learning that this is true,
"Every cloud has a silver lining."

Now our three years are over
And we will scatter to and fro,
May our memories linger together
Wherever we may go.

Marion Wylie.



OCTOBER—1928

- Oct. 1—Twenty new "Probies."
 Oct. 2—Mary McGowen kissed emblem of G. O. P.
 Oct. 5—Esther Stewart had her T. and A.
 Oct. 6—Probies on duty. Bells answered on time.
 Oct. 9—O. R. gang to see Ramona.
 Oct. 10—Clark and Kidder married.
 Oct. 11—Senior Class election. "Rotten Politics."
 Oct. 12—Zitzie in O. R.
 Oct. 13—Grade cards going out. Home folks wiser.
 Oct. 27—Seniors gave Pirate Party.

NOVEMBER—1928

- Nov. 1—Lecture by Mrs. Keller. Enjoyed by all.
 Nov. 6—Election day. Not a Senior old enough.
 Nov. 12—Parade and froze to death.
 Nov. 15—Miss Cornielson spoke to Seniors.
 Nov. 20—Sent telegram to Fall State Board Gang.
 Nov. 24—Santy looking in windows. Guess that's who it was.
 Nov. 30—Big day for some Seniors. Rome fell, too—

DECEMBER—1928

- Dec. 1—Party at Nurses' Home.
 Dec. 12—Fell home for a rest. Let's all go along.
 Dec. 13—Great people are dying every day and Dr. "Rody," Dr. Dyar and Dr. McBride are all sick.
 Dec. 24—Last Christmas at good old L. H. T. S. for Class of '29.

JANUARY—1929

- Jan. 1—Every Senior going to study two hours a day in the year 1929.
 Jan. 3—E. Miller patient in 106.
 Jan. 7—Named the annual.
 Jan. 16—Surgery X.—Hard to beat.
 Jan. 24—G. V. S. asks the Lord to deliver him from sick nurses.
 Jan. 25—Kate takes codliver oil!!!
 Jan. 28—Sent sunshine box to Fell.

FEBRUARY—1929

- Feb. 6—First annual staff meeting.
 Feb. 9—Journal party.
 Feb. 9—Hagey realizes she's 21.
 Feb. 14—Seniors having pictures taken.
 Feb. 18—Dr. "Rody's" X.
 Feb. 21—Miss Holtman discussed Commencement with us. Thrills, yet heart throbs.

MARCH—1929

- March 11—Lecture with Dr. Cornell.
 March 18—Miss Pas finished training.
 March 27—Miss Spencer finished training.

APRIL—1929

- April 1—Dr. Catlett enjoys cookies flavored with pepper and mustard.
 April—R 1929 to press.



Beautiful Hands

Beautiful faces are those that wear,
It matters little if dark or fair,
Whole souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like chrystal panes where hearth fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On timely ministries, to and fro,
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and with daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful graves where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall and drifts lie deep
Over wornout hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

—Selected.





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The R 1929 Staff presents to you this first volume of the R 1929. We have endeavored to make this publication a work of progress and if, by chance, the reader should be pleased, our efforts have been amply repaid. Our efforts alone, however, do not constitute this book. It is possible only through the co-operation and help of many others. For this aid we wish to thank the doctors, faculty and student body for their hearty co-operation in preparing this issue. We wish also, in behalf of the school, to thank the business men for their ever-present interest and financial aid in compiling this book.

THE STAFF.





Once in a life time



Hail! Hail! the gang's all here



Get your age



Be yourself



Oh for a bite



Daisies won't tell??



The song is ended



Alley Pats



Sleepy time
gals



We like us



Rubber neck alley



Stubbles



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Moon light and you



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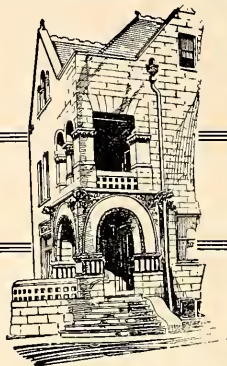


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Pals



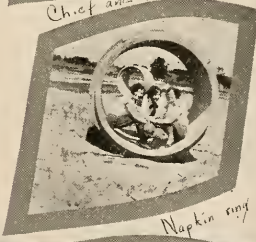
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The Happy Seven

The surgery family is composed of seven,
Their home is happy, it seems like heaven.
First there is Baby, dimpled and sweet,
Ready and willing her tasks to meet.
She washes her bloody linens so clean,
Her floors are white, not a spot to be seen.

Next to Baby comes Rubber dam
Happily working, doing what she can.
Setting up the East room day after day,
Helping Baby in every possible way.
Scrubbing for T & A's galore
Always ready for work and wishing for more.

The instruments always shining so bright
Are kept this way both day and night.
The linens mended and folded so neat
Are simply immaculate, they can't be beat.
Now who is this who keeps things so?
Why she is Gutta Percha you know.

And here is Ann doing her work she loves,
Washing, mending and powdering gloves.
She assists and scrubs for all minor cases,
Busy here and there in dozens of places,
And if you ever get in a real fix
She'll just remove your appendix.

Then there's Big Brother of whom we are proud,
As happy and contented as the rest of the crowd.
Collecting and making supplies just right
And sterilizing things far into the night.
"But how could we work unless things were clean?"
Said Russell as he blew off the steam.

Here is our Dad so cheerful and kind,
Teaches the children how to mind.
Helping each one as much as he can,
Assisting Mother her work to plan,
Scrubs for the majors, when Mother is out,
He is a real father without a doubt.

But Mother with her kind sweet ways
Makes cheerful and happy all the days.
Supervises the work with a gentle command.
Always ready to lend a helping hand.
Because of this family composed of seven
Surgery is happy and just like heaven.



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Tired Club

Motto—I'm tired.

Emblem—Pillars.

Flower—Poppy Five.

Pass Word—Just five minutes more.

President	K. Dauler
Vice-president	T. Fletcher
Secretary and Treasurer	W. Snoko

I, as first member and president of the "Tired Club," will endeavor to write its history. Once as I was resting peacefully in the shade of a tree, M. Felber came upon me and asked me if I would go to the Clinic with her. After thinking the matter over for several minutes I finally told her I was too tired. She looked at me in rather a queer tone of voice and told me I had better start a "Tired Club." After a few days I decided to act upon her suggestion. I elected myself president, vice-president and the one and only member. In other words I was the whole cheese.

A few days later I called a meeting to make a few rules and regulations, because it is impossible for any club to get along without them. The club took a nap for an hour and then the meeting came to order. Calling the roll I found I was all there. The first rule to be voted on was, "Let's sleep." It was passed by a large majority. Nothing else was brought up so the meeting was dismissed.

After several weeks I found I was getting behind in my sleep and it would be wise to take in several first class sleepers to help me out. After searching for many days I discovered that there were two in training that met the requirements. They were almost as sleepy as I was. They consented to join my club and so I selected Tiny Fletcher as vice-president and W. Snoko as secretary and treasurer. We have already decided to put on several big slumber parties which will be the sensation of the year.

If we can stay awake long enough to earn some money we are going to Florida next winter and sleep. It won't cost much to live because we can get up about eleven o'clock in the morning and of course that would be too late to buy our breakfasts, we will go to bed about two o'clock in the afternoon, so that would be too early to buy our suppers and we can take a nap between twelve and one so we won't have to buy any dinner. So all we will have to do is sleep . . . and sleep . . . and sleep.



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Liar's Den

Motto—Deny it.

Flower—Deadly Nightshade.

Password—Lucy gray.

Requirements for membership, "A Knack."

I stealthily jimmied the window, raised it safely and with cat-like tread I slipped into the large room, my feet sinking into thick rugs, muffling my every step. Cautiously I turned on my flashlight and commenced operations on the safe. Hurriedly I worked, then, hearing a soft sound behind me I whirled and with one blow straight from the shoulder I felled the big brute who molested me. I, Hat Schauland, the biggest and most important of all L. H. T. students, struck down with one blow that mighty personage, E. Schabacker, and she fell without a murmur—completely stunned. And do you believe me? In this way I began that famous organization, "The Liar's Den," which grew under the promotion of many members. The "Hyperbole Chapter" was led by Miss Bischoff and P. Barthel and when one day S. Flory was heard to say, "I hate all doctors," she was admitted as honorary member. F. Houghtby also, when she modestly told Kate one day that she never lost her temper and had the sweetest disposition, received the pin without further examination. And so they came, some alone, some in pairs, until it has now gained a national reputation as an institution which cannot but increase the dreams of America for a truth-loving nation.

* * * * *

JUST IMAGINATIONS—

Just imagine Mary Helen getting to class on time.
 And Hoard not being so flirty.
 Snoke with her hair smooth and straight.
 Felber coming to class late.
 Rena Ruppenthal telling a good joke.
 Klockziem writing a note.
 Summer vacation lasting four weeks.
 Fosler not giggling all day.
 Betty Buchholz getting quite gay.
 Zitz without her armful of books.
 Schabacker without a question.
 Krause not being president of '29.
 Pas without a permanent.
 Schlechter without a smile.
 Spencer without an explanation.



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When Mary Had The Flu

What you think you're adoin',
 Bein' sick in bed this way,
 With your dates all abreakin'
 And my hair aturnin' gray?

Course you see that it is jolly
 When you're bein' sick abed,
 Just lying and adreamin',
 Of our happy days ahead.

Although my heart is breakin'
 And I'm bein' kinda blue
 Cause my sweetheart has that feelin'
 Which comes along with the flu.

Course I know you'll soon be better,
 Soon as this here week is past,
 But my heart is all aflutter
 Cause this week seems long to last.

So what you think you doin'
 Bein' sick in bed this way,
 With my heart just abreakin'
 And my hair aturnin' gray?

OUR PARTING WISH AT GRADUATION

Three long years you've been at building,
 Fitting out your ship for Life;
 Now you're ready for the launching
 Made to weather storm and strife.
 When upon your weary voyage,
 You are given to despair,
 Remember, e'en till ripe old age,
 Fort Wayne and all your true friends there.
 May the good and kind Lord bless you
 In each and every work and deed,
 And with His helping hand caress you
 When you the hungry souls do feed.

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 Fearful to do a wrong thing,
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Willing, always ready,
 Working at our tasks,
 Aiding on humanity,
 Willing to do our best.

Loyal to your classmates,
 Lovable and true,
 Level in dealings,
 Little trouble will ensue.

Heartly and sincerely,
 Help each burden bear,
 Hesitant when must be,
 Happily we fare.

* * * * *

Your Ideal

To try and work for your ideal
 Helps to success in life,
 For those who strive should always find
 The goal beyond the strife.

Just hitch your wagon to a star
 And pull with all your soul,
 Although the road seems very far
 And almost impossible.

And don't give up to keen despair
 When all the world seems wrong,
 For then the hope will disappear
 That brings your goal along.

So smile and greet each newborn day
 As though it made you feel
 That time had cleared the hard fought way
 To your one big ideal.

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We Wonder When...

1. Mr. Miller will outgrow his banking habits and adopt longer working hours.
2. Dr. Kruse will have his chauffeur uniformed.
3. Miss Mary McGowen will agree with Calvin instead of insisting on being a democrat.
4. Our friend, M. D. Garrette, will wear a speedometer so we can estimate the distance he travels in medical nursing.
5. Miss Holtman will allow a ration of petrolatum to grease our cervical vertebrae so we can follow Dr. Garrette in class.
6. Dr. Truelove will grow a mustache so he would have something worthwhile to mumble into.
7. Miss Bischoff will give swimming lessons instead of nursing history.
8. Sodium cocodylate will be administered otherwise than hypodermically and orally.
9. Dr. Garrette VanSweringen will give advanced classes in charting.
10. Dr. Elston will take up obstetrics.
11. Kate Dauler will learn to drive a Chevrolet.
12. Miss Clara Anweiler will pet her guinea pigs.
13. Tiny will start using cocoa-butter rubs.
14. Dr. Bowers will forget the story of "Sarepta."
15. The Nursing Journal will be as popular as Ella Cinders.

We cannot change yesterday, that is clear,
Or begin on tomorrow until it is here.
So all that is left for you and for me
Is to make today as pleasant as can be.

—Selected.

* * * * *

The laughter falters for awhile,
And sorrowing draws near;
As restless Folly seeks a smile,
But only gains a tear.

—Selected.



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From a Friend of
the Class 1929

Barthel: "Many a wise word is spoken in jest."

Pas: "Yes, but they can't compare to the number of foolish ones that are spoken in earnest."

* * * * *

When the donkey saw the zebra
He began to switch his tail;
"Well I never," was his comment,
"There's a mule that's been in jail."

* * * * *

Krause reaches far across the table for butter,

Schlechter: "What did you do that for? Haven't you a tongue?"

Krause: "Yes, but my tongue isn't as long as my arm."

* * * * *

Hofmann: "Can you imagine anything worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?"

Rena: "Yes, a centipede with corns."

* * * * *

"It says here that a butcher found a collar button in a cow's stomach," remarked the old fogey.

"That must be a fake," responded friend husband. "How could a cow get under a bedroom dresser?"

* * * * *

Father: "Say, Mary, who was here to see you last night?"

Mary: "Only Myrtle, father."

Father: "Well, tell Myrtle that she left her pipe on the piano."

* * * * *

Dr. Hynes: "Oh, wife, these look like the biscuits my mother baked twenty years ago."

Wife (greatly delighted): "I'm so glad."

Dr. Hynes (biting one): "And I believe they are the same biscuits."



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She: "And will you still love me when I am older and homelier?"

He: "My dear, you cannot avoid growing older; but you will never grow homelier."

* * * * *

Dr. Carlo: "Miss Hoard, you musn't laugh out loud during class."

Hoard: "I didn't mean to do it. I was smiling, and the smile busted."

* * * * *

Miss Lucy: "Will you do me a favor?"

Dr. Lynn: "What, honey?"

Miss Lucy: "Haul an armful of ether vapor out of the O. R."

Dr. Lynn: "Load it up."

* * * * *

Dr. L. B. Schneider: "Describe the Bundle of His."

Mary Helen: "Moonlight and Roses."

* * * * *

Beggar: "Lady, will you give me a pie?"

Mrs. Newlywed: "I have only one left and am saving that for my husband."

Beggar: "Yes'm, I know that. He said if I got it, he would give me a quarter."

* * * * *

Mistress: "Why did you place the alarm clock in front of the pan of dough, Malinda?"

Malinda: "So it would know what time to rise, ma'am."

* * * * *

Snoke: "My what a lovely monument! What hero could have inspired so costly a structure?"

Native: "That's a tribute to the Appendix, as you will see by the inscription. It's a token of grateful appreciation from 11,649 surgeons."

* * * * *

HIS DONATION

P. G. B.: "What did Dr. Kock give to the nursing world to help make their work a success?"

Miss Ahr: "For one thing, he invented the Tubercle Bacillus."



Dr. C. G. Miller

Dr J. W. Bowers

Dr. E. A. King

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Association

P. G. B.: "Who was Dr. Cowles?"

Student: "He's the man who did the first insane work in America."

* * * * *

THEY MUST HAVE MOVED

Corn: "Where are Peyer's patches?"

Shock: "On the Islands of Langerhans."

* * * * *

QUESTION IN NURSING HISTORY

"For what act do we remember Miss Nightingale during the Civil war?"

"She used to take a lantern after a battle and go out and make sure all the soldiers were dead."

* * * * *

Dr. Hynes (to patient): "Now I'm going to give you two pills and if you can keep them on your stomach overnight, you'll be well."

The following morning, "Where you able to keep the pills on your stomach?"

Patient: "Yes, as long as I was awake but when I fell asleep, I guess they rolled off."

* * * * *

Dr. Elston's idea of wasted energy: Telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man.

* * * * *

Miss Anweiler wants to know if by looking at a dog's lungs through a microscope, she could see the seat of his "pants."

* * * * *

Visitor to Patient: "That's a good looking nurse. What's her name?"

Patient: "Oh, they call her Miss Appendix."

Visitor: "Why?"

Patient: "Because the doctors always want to take her out."

* * * * *

Pas: "I'll bet Klockziem is a Scotchman."

Snoke: "Why, what makes you think that?"

Pas: "I notice that she always licks off her glasses after eating grape fruit."

* * * * *

Dauler: "Rena reminds me of Litmus paper."

Hoard: "From where do you draw that conclusion?"

Dauler: "She turns red when the doctors are around and gets blue if she does something wrong."

* * * * *

Schlechter: "Who is the stingiest girl in our class?"

Ahr: "Hoard, because she uses half cotton when she pulls the wool over your eyes."

* * * * *

When Miss Hofmann was a probe she thought aspirin tablet was writing paper.

* * * * *

Dr. B. Van Sweringen, calling S. E. 11: "Have you a Thomas splint on your floor?"

Spencer: "Just a minute and I'll see."

A second later, "No, doctor, we haven't any patient by that name."

* * * * *

Schauland: "The other morning about fifty nurses were eating in the dining room. Suddenly they all got up and left the room in a great hurry."

Klockziem: "What was the matter, a fire or something?"

Schauland: "No, they were just through eating."

Dr. L. B. Schneider

Dr. H. E. Glock

Dr. W. E. Kruse

Dr. J. C. Cowan
New Haven, Indiana

Dr. M. B. Catlett

Dr. I. W. Ditton

Dr. H. O. Bruggeman

Dr. W. E. Wilkens
South Whitley, Indiana



"Are you laughing at me?" asked Dr. G. V. S. in class one day.

"No," came the answer in a chorus.

"Well, what else is there in the room to laugh at?"

* * * * *

"What would you do if you split your side laughing?"

"I'd run until I got a stitch in them?"

* * * * *

Miss Wallhausen: "Will you please bring me an empty can?"

Miss Lesh (seriously): "An empty can full of what?"

* * * * *

Dr. Rodriguez: "How many senses are there?"

Miss Felber: "Six."

Dr. Roddy: "Why, how's that? I have only five."

Miss Felber: "I know it. The other is common sense."

* * * * *

Fletcher is so modest that she won't even do improper fractions.

* * * * *

When a man is all wrapped up in himself, he makes a very small package.

* * * * *

Miller: "If you were standing on a dime, why would it be like the Woolworth's 5 and 10 cent store?"

Houghtby: "I'll bite, why?"

Miller: "Because it would be nothing over 10 cents."

* * * * *

Neuenschwander, to patient who had been ringing several times, "Did you ring your bell?"

"No, I was tolling it because I thought you were dead."

* * * * *

Schubert had a horse named Sarah,
He rode her in the big parade.
And when the band had started playing,
Schubert's Sarah neighed.



Dr. L. W. Elston

Dr. Edward H. Kruse

Dr. W. O. McBride

Dr. A. L. Schneider

Dr. John T. Short

Dr. Garrett Van Sweringen

Dr. R. B. McKeeman
Dr. L. S. McKeeman

Dr. C. A. Savage



Acetyl: "He cleaned up a big fortune in crooked dough."

Sal: "Counterfeiter?"

Acetyl: "No, pretzel manufacturer."

* * * * *

Son (very excited): "Mother, I'm afraid there'll be trouble at the Brown's."

Mother: "Why?"

Son: "Because Mrs. Brown has a new baby girl and Mr. Brown had had a sign in the window for a week saying, 'Boy Wanted.'"

* * * * *

Mike and Pat agreed among themselves that whoever died first should have \$1,000.00 placed in his casket by the other. Mike died first and Pat wrote out a check and placed it in his casket.

* * * * *

Schabacker in Obstetrics Class: "Say, Dr. Schneider, why don't you use an abdominal binder?"

Dr. Schneider, "Well, personally, I don't need any."

* * * * *

An excited father was pacing the hall outside the O. B. room. The doctor finally came out and the new daddy rushed up to him, exclaiming, "Oh, doctor, am I a father or a mother?"

* * * * *

Missionary: "Why do you look at me so intently?"

Cannibal: "I am the food inspector."

* * * * *

Teacher: "Why do they bury all great men in Westminster Abby?"

Pupil: "Because they are dead."

* * * * *

McGowen (to waiter at Ewings): "What's on the menu today?"

Waiter: "I have frog's legs, chicken liver, pig's feet and—"

McGowen: "Never mind your deformities, tell me what you have to eat."

* * * * *

Zitzman: "What's the difference between a half dozen lemons and a white mouse?"

Krause: "I'm sure I don't know, what is it?"

Zitzman: "I sure would hate to send you to the grocery after lemons."

* * * * *

One often hears about absent-minded professors, but it sometimes happens that dentists are affected also. Recently someone heard Dr. Hilgeman say in a soothing voice, as he applied a tool to his automobile under which he lay, "Now this is going to hurt just a little."

* * * * *

It is easy enough to be happy
When life is a bright, rosy wreath.
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When the dentist is filling his teeth.

* * * * *

Fell: "I wanted the doctor to look at the dark circle under my eyes and see if I didn't need a half-day off?"

Fitzman: "What did he say?"

Fell: "He said all I needed was a bar of soap."



Dr. H. V. Blosser

Dr. H. L. Murdock

Dr. O. F. Lehmberg
Columbia City, Ind.

Dr. G. E. Moats

Dr. I. E. Morris

Dr. G. O. Truelove

Dr. M. F. Schick

Dr. B. J. Pence
Columbia City, Ind.



Dr. Elston: "I just returned from a week's hunting in Canada."

Lange: "Kill anything?"

Dr. Elston: "Not a blamed thing."

Lange: "Huh! You could have done better than that by staying at home and attending to your regular business."

* * * * *

While walking along the street an epileptic dropped in a fit and was quickly rushed to the hospital. Upon removing his coat, Miss Schauland found a note pinned to the lining on which was written, "This is to inform the house surgeon that this is just a case of plain fit—not appendicitis. My appendix has already been removed twice."

* * * * *

Vistor (at private hospital): "Can I see Lieutenant Barker, please?"

Matron: "We do not allow ordinary visiting. May I ask if you're a relative?"

Visitor (boldly): "Oh, yes, I'm his sister."

Matron: "Dear me, I'm very glad to meet you. I'm his mother."

* * * * *

A canny young fisher named Fisher

Once fished from the edge of a fissure.

A fish with a grin

Pulled the fisherman in,

Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

* * * * *

Krause: "What's the difference between a man walking up the stairs and one looking up the stair?"

Hofmann: "One is stepping up the stairs and the other is staring up the steps."

* * * * *

Our Training School is full of willing nurses. Some are willing to work, others are willing to let them.

* * * * *

Miss Hoard (at switchboard): "Did you get your wife, Dr. Zehr?"

Dr. Zehr: "Yes, I got her about 17 years ago."

* * * * *

Dr. Catlett (reading nurses' beside notes): "General A. M. Care. Hmmm. I wonder who he is. I don't recall meeting him in the army."

* * * * *

An alibi, according to Rastus: "Providin' dat yoh was at prayer meetin', where yoh wasn't, in order to show dat yoh wasn't at de crap game where yoh was."

* * * * *

Many a man reaches a ripe old age. So does many a cheese.

* * * * *

Krause: "I have a scheme for making one cent stamps do as well as two cent stamps."

Schauland: "How's that?"

Krause: "By using two of them."

* * * * *

Nurse to the Barber: "What makes you so late this morning?"

Wiley, the Barber: "I was shaving myself and before I realized it, I had talked myself into a haircut and a shampoo."



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PARADE OF THE PESSIMISTS

Calendar: "My days are numbered."

Needle: "I've got something in my eye."

Stamp: "I'll be licked sooner or later."

Newspaper: "I know you think I'm terrible (tearable)."

Window: "You can't help but see right through me."

Picture: "I get hanged wherever I go."

* * * * *

Spence: "Were you a good girl in church today?"

Bart: "Oh, yes, a man offered me a whole plate of money and I said, 'No, thank you!'"

* * * * *

Fosler (to patient in kiddies' ward): "My, how dirty your hands are, Johnny! What would you say if I came on duty with such dirty hands?"

Johnny: "Please, nurse, I'd be too polite to mention it."

* * * * *

Rev. Weber: "How long did it rain after Moses entered the ark?"

Buchholz (brightly): "Forty days and forty nights."

Rev. Weber: "I didn't know that Moses entered the ark."

* * * * *

"Pa, what is kleptomania?"

"Why-er, it means taking something you don't want."

"Was it kleptomania when I took measles?"

Dr. Kruse: "You have acute appendicitis."

Patient: "How you flatter me!"

* * * * *

P. G. B.: "What was Pastor Fliedner's wife's name?"

Schlechter: "Mrs. Fliedner!"

* * * * *

"What is the longest word in the American language?"

"I don't know, what is it?"

"Smiles, because there is a mile between the first and last letter?"

* * * * *

"I met our new minister on my way to Sunday School, Mamma," said Willie, "and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday."

"What did you answer?" asked mother.

"I simply said: 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and walked off and left him," was the triumphant response.

* * * * *

The evangelist was entreating his hearers to flee from the wrath to come.

"I warn you," he said, "there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

At this point a lady in the gallery interrupted, "Sir, I have no teeth."

"Madam," said the evangelist sternly, "teeth will be provided."

* * * * *

Johnny: "Sis, can I stay up a little longer? I want to see you and Mr. Green play cards."

Mr. Green: "But we are not going to play cards."

Johnny: "Oh, yes you are, for I heard ma tell sis that everything depended on the way she played her cards tonight."

* * * * *

Did you ever notice how much like a harness life is? There are traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune and breeches of faith. Also tongues must be bridled, passions curbed. Everybody has to try to pull through.

* * * * *

Miss Ahr had received a ring for her birthday, but much to her disappointment, no one seemed to notice it when she wore it to dinner next day. Finally, unable to withstand their indifference she exclaimed, "Oh, dear, I'm so warm in my new ring."

* * * * *

The other day Klockziem and Pas were getting weighed.

Klockziem said, "I weigh four pounds more than you do."

Pas answered, "No wonder, you had your hands in your pockets."

* * * * *

"What am I arrested for?" asked the corrupt voter.

"You are charged with having voted eight times," said the officer.

"Charged, hey?" muttered the prisoner. "That's queer, I expected to be paid for it."

* * * * *

DIGNITY CHASERS

The proofs for your graduation pictures.

Trying to push up your gum when you're reciting.

Meeting Miss Holtman with a hole in your apron.

To have somebody yawn when you finish speaking.

Finding someone has unfastened your apron when you stand up to recite.



Finis

In the southern part of the city of Fort Wayne, nestled homily behind wispy birches is a structure which faces the blazing radiant sun as it mounts the horizon and joyfully proclaims the day. We first entered these quarters with a feeling of timidity, but when we became familiar with its wards and corridors we were soon at home and very busy.

Three years have taught us to love and revere this place where the sick come to be healed. It has been a stimulus and an inspiration to us to see poor broken people go out made well and strong and joyous and glad to be alive; also to see the pleasure and satisfaction of those who have assisted in this building up process. The lessons we have learned here of life and its problems will be experiences that we would not have missed.

We are about to step out from the portals of this edifice; a lump rises in our throats, a tear glistens in many an eye. Much of its spirit will be with us as we go into our new field of work. We know we shall look back upon this place as a home to which we may return when we are weary, or need refreshment. Here we may be reendowed with the spirit of joy and service which is the emblem of our Alma Mater.





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